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NEW STATESMAN

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Mr Richard Changes Planes

So faithful has this Government been to the policy dictates of Henry Kissinger that it continues to dance to his tune long after he has ceased to play on his pipes. While American foreign strategy is being (painfully) slowly remade, British diplomats and politicians go scurrying round Southern Africa to drum up support for a plan which died a lingering and public death at Geneva. Mr Ivor Richard's appetite for banality has not abated one whit, either. There is no meeting so fruitless that he will not intone about its frank and constructive nature. This week, after lunching on impala personally shot by Mr Vorster, he radiated the same bluff and vacant impression. Which would not matter, except as a question of tact and taste, if Mr Vorster confined his shooting to impala. The fact that he does not do so, that he has authorised a reign of terror and violence in the slums and townships, should not leave anybody unmoved. Even on pragmatic grounds, it is clear that no serious African politician can now do a public deal with the Pretorian guard.

If that is so, then it suggests something which has always been anathema to the civil service and diplomatic mind. There are, actually, conflicts that cannot be settled by 'jaw jaw' and goodwill. Southern Africa is pre-eminently one such. When the most powerful country in Africa is in a state of war with its own population, it takes unusual obtuseness to stake very much on the government concerned, and something more than obtuseness to treat the leader of that government as if he was a sagacious and statesmanlike fellow. Mr Richard seems wedded to a version of this view. He should count himself fortunate that we have a Foreign Secretary who is impervious to such considerations, who, indeed, is not very interested in foreign affairs at all. But since Africans may judge us all by the standard Mr Richard has set, it is a pity that his manoeuvres appear to be so random and unprincipled. His style of politics and his wooden-ness in communication, which suggest a man with no cards and a weakening poker face, are absolute grist to the mill of those who hate the United Nations, detest Third World aspirations and regard Southern Africa primarily as a problem of 'terrorism'.

The assumptions on which the Geneva conference was called have now been demonstrated as false. Typically, Dr Kissinger said different things to different factions in order to induce their attendance. Ian Smith was allowed to think that concessions might prolong settler rule. African leaders were cajoled into the belief that concessions might hasten its end. The apotheosis of this dishonesty is to be found in Vorster's advice to African nationalists to call off the struggle until an interim government can be formed. This looking-glass world has now shivered into fragments, and the behaviour of Mr Richard's delegation runs the risk of bringing the whole Rhodesian obligation into public contempt and ridicule in this country.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when Labour's commitment to a democratic settlement was firm in its own mind and fairly well understood by the voting public. This commitment survived the Tory sniping during the 1966 election, survived the occasional theatricals by Harold Wilson, survived the Pearce Commission and the attempted sell-out by Goodman and Douglas-Home. Just at the moment of decision, it seems to have been forgotten. By the same token, Labour's outrage about apartheid seems to have been put on ice for the duration. And this, not when apartheid and its state are dauntingly strong, but at the very time when the long-predicted revolt against slavery and oppression has begun in earnest. The policy just does not make sense. If Western socialists made a real effort, they could help the Africans of Southern Africa not just to throw off their current masters but to establish a system which would reproach the shortcomings of Kenya, Malawi, and other thwarted post-colonial regimes. To pass up this historic opportunity in favour of glad-handing Vorster and pussyfooting Smith is a most terrible failure both of will and of imagination. The contented faces of our mini-shuttle team may be a standing joke for British newspapers, but to Africans of all colours they represent myopia and betrayal.

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Spotlight on Politics

David Marquand*

Farewell to Westminster

If one, all-purpose image could sum up the present state of British politics, it would be that of a packed division lobby at three or four in the morning in late July. The bell has stopped ringing, the doors at the end of the lobby have been unlocked, and a strange race of troglodytes has started to stumble through – red-eyed, whey-faced, grubby with stale sweat and disappointed hopes. They were kept up until the small hours yesterday, they are being kept up until the small hours today and the odds are that they will be kept up until the small hours again tomorrow; by now, few of them know what they are voting for and fewer still care. If it had been a two-line Whip instead of a three-liner, most of them would have been paired; if it had been a one-line Whip the House would have been empty. They are there because they're there because they're there – the poor bloody infantry of the democratic process, waist-deep in the parliamentary equivalent of Flanders mud. No one who has not sunk into it beside them can possibly understand how our political system really works. No one who has can doubt that that system is now profoundly, perhaps fatally, sick.

Not, I hasten to add, that there is anything *ipso facto* wrong with keeping Members of Parliament out of their beds. Charles James Fox often sauntered into the chamber in the early morning after a night at the gaming tables. The Tory Protectionists kept the House up for 12 parliamentary nights in succession in the first of the great debates on the repeal of the Corn Laws. Most of the great parliamentarians of our history have mastered the arts of nocturnal obstruction; in any case, those arts are part of the fabric of a free society. I am not, emphatically not, calling for a compulsory timetable on all bills (or not, at any rate, without huge compensating changes to limit the power of the executive in other ways); and I would be bitterly opposed to any proposal which would make it more difficult for a determined minority to defend its rights against oppression by the majority. Governments are already far too strong in our system, and the House of Commons far too weak. Reforms designed solely to get Members of Parliament into bed at a reasonable hour would tilt the balance even further in the wrong direction.

Then why my alarm at the image of the packed 3 a.m. division lobby? The best way to answer that question is to offer another image, of a quite different aspect of parliamentary life, which seems to me equally disturbing in a more subtle way. Look, for a moment, at the House of Commons during Question Time. In old-fashioned textbooks, Question Time figures as the brightest jewel in Westminster's crown, and a superficial glance from the Gallery would suggest that the textbooks are right. Eager fellows are jumping up and down all over the place; the hapless representative of the executive stands at the dispatch box, undergoing relentless scrutiny at the hands of the legislature. It is a splendid spectacle, which should bring a blush of pride to the cheek of every democrat.

Or should it? Stay for a while, and you will begin to notice that the spectacle is not all that it seems. The hapless representative of the executive standing at the dispatch box does not appear to be at all put out by the scrutiny he is undergoing; and this is hardly surprising, since if he is at all competent he is able to parry all the blows aimed at him, with almost contemptuous ease. Stay longer still, and you begin to notice something else. The eager fellows who are jumping up and down are not really trying to scrutinise the executive at all. Some are making constituency points designed to get their names into their local papers. Others are simply shouting 'yah-boo' at the other side of the chamber. Question Time may have started as a forum through which the legislature scrutinised the executive. It has become a mart for swapping the small change of partisan abuse.

Of course, partisan abuse has its place in a free Parliament, just as all-night sittings do; the fact that I personally have come to find it tedious and exasperating beyond belief may prove something about me without proving anything about the system. It may: but I don't think it does. For I don't think it can be denied that the abuse has been growing shriller in the last few years, just as late-night sittings have been happening more frequently. And I also think it undeniable that the underlying reason is the same in both cases: that the party battle has become more bitter and more intense in proportion as it has become less meaningful to the public and less relevant to the real divisions of opinion and interest in the country.

This is where my two images connect. What I find frightening in the image of the 3 a.m. division is not the fact that a large number of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen have been obliged to stay awake when they ought to be asleep. It is that they have been kept awake for trivial causes – not to take part in great conflicts of social or constitutional principle, and still less to protect the liberties of the subject against usurpation, but to vote on measures about which most of them don't really care very much, and about which most of their constitutents don't care very much either. When Disraeli and Bentinck kept the House up all night to resist repeal of the Corn Laws, they brought into the chamber passions which had been generated outside. Can anyone honestly say the same of last summer's late-night sittings on the Dockwork Regulation Bill or the Aircraft and Shipbuilding Bill? The last parliamentary battle in which real passions were engaged was the battle over entry into the Common Market; and that, significantly enough, was a battle that cut across party lines.

Since then we have had sham battles, fought with real weapons; and such battles are doubly dangerous. They are dangerous partly because real people get hurt, and, still more, because real issues are swept out of sight. The real issue of the 1970s and 1980s – perhaps even of the 2070s and the 2080s – is not whether we should have complete public ownership of the means of production or undiluted private enterprise. That issue was settled years ago, in favour of the mixed economy; and everyone outside two small bands of ideologues at the ends of the political spectrum knows it. The issue of the future is small against big, community against *anomie*, peace-of-mind against rate-of-growth, grass roots against tower blocks, William Morris against both Sidney Webb and Henry Ford. That issue really does generate passion, as anyone who has been to a motorway public inquiry can testify. But the passion it generates is hardly ever reflected in the Palace of Westminster.

Will it ever be so reflected? There is, of course, no way of telling. Politicians continued to classify themselves as free-traders and protectionists long after the tariff issue had lost all meaning for the public, and the same may happen with the issue of public ownership versus private enterprise. The past casts a long shadow, particularly in this country; and the ghost of Karl Marx may continue to debate with the ghost of Adam Smith for as long as the ghost of Richard Cobden debated with the ghost of Lord George Bentinck. What is clear, however, is that reality must sooner or later obtrude, if not through adaptation then through collapse. The parties may react to their declining membership and dwindling public impact by becoming even more rigid and embattled, until at last they crack. Alternatively, they may slowly slough off their old skins and acquire new and more suitable ones. One way or another, however, the change must come. Until it does, the poor bloody infantry in the division lobby will continue to parade in vain.

James Fenton is on holiday.

**David Marquand MP will in the next few weeks resign his seat of Ashfield to join Roy Jenkins in Brussels.*

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Patrick Wintour

The Social Contract's Last Stand

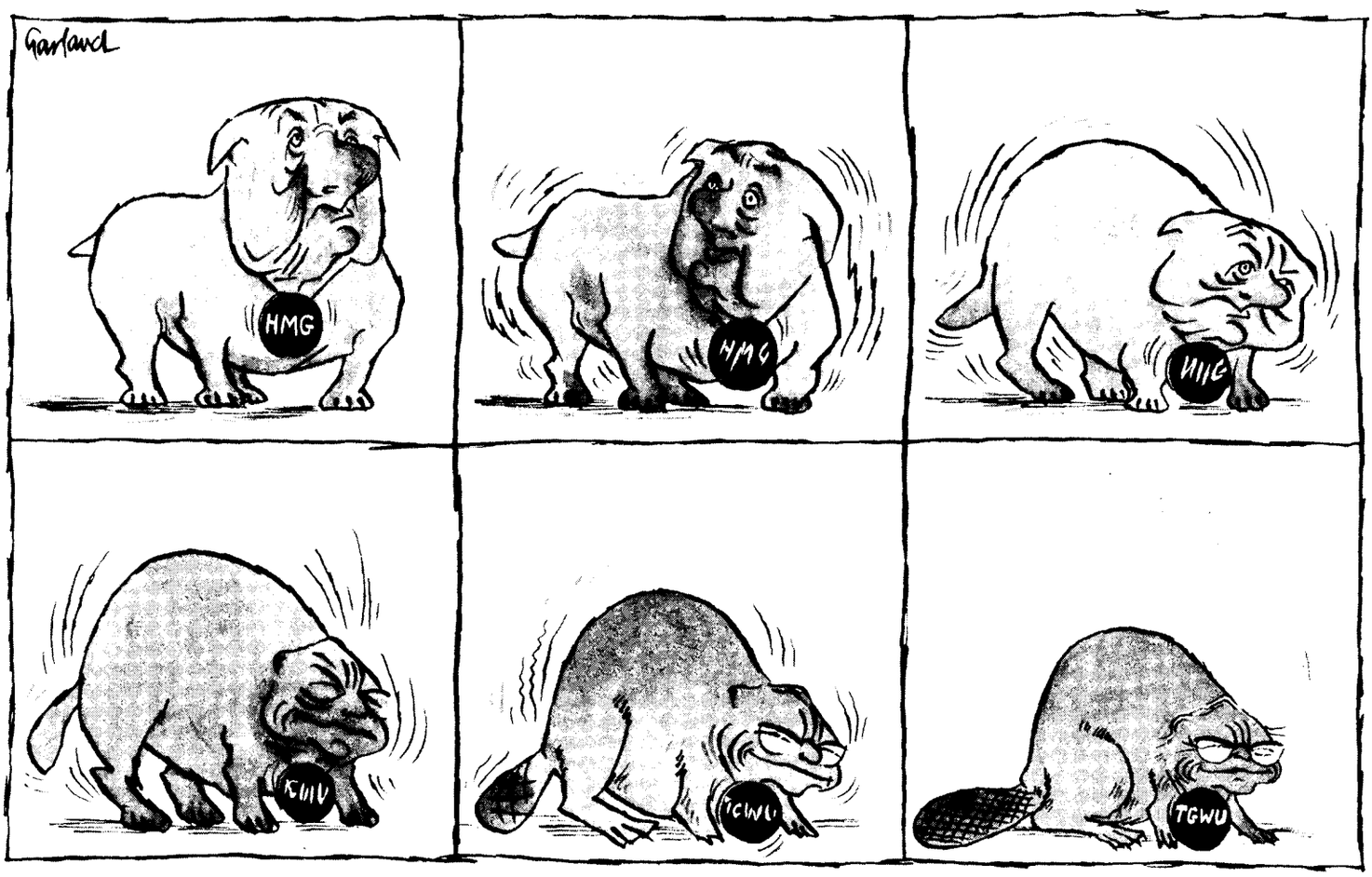
The Bullock Committee report on ways to introduce industrial democracy into private firms with over 2,000 employees will be published later this month. Its reception will be politically vital since Labour, more at home with egalitarian than nationalist aspirations, needs a legislative tonic; and it will be ideologically fraught because the implications of industrial democracy for the redistribution of power could reverberate well beyond the Westminster hothouse of professional politicians.

Today throughout Europe industrial democracy is the coming issue. Schemes came into effect in the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden in 1973; in Austria, Denmark and Luxemburg in 1974. In France the recent Sudreau report tackled the whole problem of industrial organisation. Helmut Schmidt this year increased the number of workers in the boardroom to just below the level of parity which exists in the country's co-determination industries of coal, steel and iron. Finally the EEC has published strong directives on participation.

However, in Britain this community of international agreement is already dissolving with the replacement of cosmetics for specifics. Industrial democracy with Bullock can no longer mean all things to all men. A spurious consensus previously arose because different people wanted it but for different purposes. It can be seen as attractive to a cynical management as a response to a period of challenge to their authority brought about by stagflation. Conflict is accommodated by a seductive compromise which, though giving little power away, seduces workers into passive managerial attitudes. Industrial democracy thus becomes a method of increasing capitalism's productivity by burdening trade unions with responsibility without power and so reducing the independent antagonistic stance implicit in traditional collective bargaining. To others, by contrast, industrial democracy can be acceptable in a capitalist economy only so long as it amounts to real and irreversible workers' control that changes the whole nature of the economy and socialises capital.

Though British unions are divided by these arguments, no union has been sufficiently committed to adopt the French CGT position of absolute uninvolvement with any management in a competitive economy. In fact the 'collaborationists' have the argument going their way among trade union officials; rank and file attitudes are less easy to gauge. In its evidence to the Donovan Commission in 1966, the TUC cautiously shed some of their suspicions of worker representatives on public sector boards but stuck by the extension of collective bargaining in the private sector. The de facto achievement of this in the past decade was recognised by law in the Employment Protection Act. However, this very same widening of the shop steward's role beyond wages and immediate conditions due to collective bargaining and productivity agreements into areas such as manpower planning, disclosure of information and job and income security inexorably led trade unionists to grasp the interlocking nature of management decisions. If shop stewards were to allow themselves to do anything other than react to earlier strategic centralised decisions whose implications for the shopfloor would eventually permeate down, then they necessarily had to participate continuously in boardroom matters of corporate planning such as investment, mergers, the appointment of top managers, product mix and pricing policy. The gradual blending of consultative and negotiating machinery recognised the impracticalities of the distinction. By 1973 the TUC accepted for the first time proposals for worker representatives in the private sector.

However, some unions, notably the AUEW and erratically the GMWU, along with sections of the *Tribune* Group, still stand by the Left's mid-Sixties consensus that workers in the boardroom of private companies would be in the insoluble contra-



THE YEAR OF THE BEAVER

(54 per cent of Britons believe that Mr Jack Jones wields more power and influence than the Prime Minister – Gallup Poll)

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dictory position of being simultaneously representative of their members' interests and responsible to shareholders concerned solely with profits and the commercial rather than humanitarian wisdom of each decision. Naturally the CBI also think trade unionists cannot yet wear two hats – 'taking into account the known views of the TUC on this question the CBI has little confidence that union members on the board . . . would acknowledge the responsibility implicit in board membership to act in the company's interests as a whole'. Yet present Company Law dictates that management must take account only of shareholders interests. Ironically Bullock and the TUC propose the wider definition of company interests by including employees' interests. When the CBI pleads to keep 'politics' out of the boardroom and industry, they do not fear politically motivated trade unionists 'misunderstanding' the requirements of capital accumulation in a competitive market economy; they are begging for the retention of the cash nexus as the primary relationship between workers and management. Until there is cooperation (or is it subservience?) on the shopfloor the CBI have little time for participation in the boardroom. They make all the right noises but it amounts to little but a tactic of stalling dressed up in the familiar establishment garb of responsibility.

Control without Ownership

Unfortunately the AUEW slogan that ownership is a prerequisite to workers' control seems in the British context equally misleading. Defeated overwhelmingly by a show of hands at the 1976 TUC conference their curious position in effect champions state capitalism. The inherent paradox in their case is underlined when at one moment the AUEW says 'yes' to participation in Leyland but 'no' to it at Chrysler. Still more, given the passing of the Employment Protection Act, it is not clear how collective bargaining can be further extended as the AUEW propose. There can be no real sanction on an obligation to agree in industrial negotiations other than making collective bargaining agreements legally binding which is one of the clauses that made the Industrial Relations Act so unpopular. Once the AUEW relent on the principle of their functional province in our nationalised industries they have effectively given the game away in private industry. For the shopfloor worker there is no great visible difference in the priorities of public and private companies. Almost all surveys of workers' expressed goals show that they most want a personal say in their immediate working environment. This desire is just as relevant in a private as nationalised factory. As Len Murray argued at Blackpool against the AUEW, shop stewards are constantly accepting managerial responsibility whenever they make a collective bargaining agreement. Added to that, no overriding obstacle exists if a distinction can be drawn between the negotiating function of the employer and the overall task of management. Once the line is drawn, worker representatives are free from any schizophrenic entanglement in both.

The softening of the TUC attitude, then, turns on the assumption that their movement is now strong enough – given the proviso of radical legislation – to resist the pitfalls of collaboration. Any weakening would merely set up another body alienated from the workforce and so spike the whole exercise's purpose of improving the nature of the productive process. No one on the Left can find the legislation desirable if it is not effective. But two influential reports by Eric Batstone and P. L. Davies, both commissioned by Bullock, are sceptical that anything in Europe has been radically altered.

Back-door Nationalisation

Both spelled out the crucial relationship between representatives and their constituency. Consequently, Bullock has made detailed proposals for the infrastructure of industrial democracy. Unlike Germany with its dual system of works councils and trade unions, only the established trade union channel of representation will be used thereby probably increasing existing membership figures. (Also unlike Germany where worker representatives are often paid large salaries, in Britain they will only be paid expenses.) As it is, in the large companies under discussion unionisation according to Bullock's figures is over 70 per cent which undercuts the CBI's outcry against the disenfranchisement of non-union employees. The CBI are also worried about the disclosure of secrets; yet both in Europe and in Britain, with Leyland's plans for the new Mini, shop stewards cannot be accused of impropriety. All the recent legislation on disclosure so vital to reporting back through all levels of the workforce will probably be collated during the summer.

But perhaps the greatest cause of ineffectiveness in Europe has been minority representation. In Britain what has become known as the '2x+y' formula is in effect equal minority parity for both shareholders' and employees' nominees and so a major victory for the trade unions. Already British industrialists muttering about backdoor nationalisation, have echoed Dr Rolf Thüsing, director of the Confederation of German Employers Associations that the difference between minority and parity representation 'is the policy Rubicon . . . the owners would lose their power to dispose of their assets which would then lose their inalienable function in a decentralised economy'. The SPD reform this year stopped short of parity again in a political compromise with the FDP; no such compromise is envisaged in Britain. Only employees but not union officials will be able to sit on the union's 'x'. Full-time officials, adding a dimension of wider trade union thinking to hinder the spectre of company egotism, may have one of the smaller number of 'y' seats chosen together by the two 'x's'. In a deadlock, the chairman from the company selected by the two 'x's' will decide. If this formula is stronger than most of the European alternatives, it is simply because minority representatives have shown themselves to be quickly frozen out from subsequently established sub-committees and informal meetings where the real decisions are soon confined.

If trade unions are to reach policy decisions independent of management bias they must find the difficult interface between detailed activity and day-to-day management. The trade unions' realisation of this has led them to change tack and favour a reconstituted unitary board. Their earlier proposal of both a management and supervisory board with the unions only on the remote latter arose from the wrong-headed assumption of the European systems' suitability and a muddled view of what the existing British unitary board is really like. Many European supervisory boards rarely meet and only then to rubber-stamp decisions made elsewhere while UK company law allows shareholders' meetings to prescribe more flexible powers of delegation to their managing board than in Germany. What on paper appears to be more appropriate emerged not to be so in practice. Needless to say the CBI, having grasped this nettle, shifted from their stance of no board representation at all to minority representation for all employees in a two-tier board; on every score management would thus retain their prerogatives.

Too Far Ahead

Even in a unitary structure, power centres in companies are elusive things, particularly in international companies and in groups of companies where decisions are made by a small head office or holding company employing much less than 2,000 employees. If the majority report had fudged on this issue by not permitting representatives to be on the parent company, then the likes of Lonrho with 200 employees itself but a myriad of dependents would have escaped the net. The problems of multinationals beset most socialist measures; one in six companies under Bullock's term of reference are foreign-owned subsidaries. The arm of the law is not infinitely long but to avoid second-class citizenship Bullock recommends, unlike Holland, worker representatives, on the top UK board of foreign owned companies. But their degree of influence will depend on the leeway given by the foreign-based parent company.

The solicitor on the committee, Nicholas Wilson, in his dissenting note argues for minority representation on the basis that the majority report's legislation is a piece of social engineering too far in advance of general thinking. Yet the recommendations of the report (whose publication itself will be an educative process) could not be enforced until 1980 at the best. More pertinent, the enabling legislation is idle until triggered off by a ballot of the entire workforce called by a recognised trade union with over a fifth membership in the company. After this all the unions form a joint shop steward committee, including blue and white collar workers, who must unanimously agree by their own methods on a slate that fairly represents both plant and union balance in the company. If they cannot override inter-union rivalries and reach a unanimous agreement then they simply will have no representatives on the board. The significance of this method is that it acts as a catalyst (an argument that frequently arose in Committee) for an unprecedented form of inter-union cooperation at company level which will provide

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the necessary sub-structure that the CBI demands as a prerequisite for industrial democracy. The long-term value of this new pressure for cooperation between unions outweighs the value of holding mandatory elections for the board. Elections might inject further democracy into the unions and generate interest in industrial democracy, as did the Harland and Wolff PR scheme, but union rivalries would not merely be ossified: they would be encouraged.

Though openly couched in reformist language, Bullock engages Britain's social and economic problems on a new front. It does not transform the status of labour or introduce workers' control. Whether it enriches the experience of working for Ford remains to be seen. At a minimum it allows unions to by-pass the exhausted collective bargaining straitjacket. As a spin-off the trade unions will probably have to increase their contribution fees which are among the lowest in Europe as they extend and reorganise. Industrial democracy has been described as a process of building a social base for democracy. The argument of having no alliance with capital hinges on the belief that any contract thus forged will have an inbuilt bias. But for a strong trade union movement to turn away from industrial democracy despite the treacherous risks is to shun a crucial additional weapon in the struggle to have that contract fairly drafted.

David Leitch

The Year of Chirac

When a large (and hand-picked) French crowd starts chanting the name *'Chi-rac'* the emphasis falls on the second syllable. The result is a noise which some listeners reckon sounds sinisterly like 'Sieg Heil'. My own ears are not entirely convinced. Yet the fact that the comparison is now made so often (and not exclusively by card-carrying communists, or the demonstrably paranoid) is itself a pointer to a new and maybe dangerous element in the French situation. The New Year begins with a distinct whiff of political brimstone.

All of which President Giscard owes to Jacques Chirac, his ex-Prime Minister, ex-electoral campaign lieutenant, and current rival for leadership of that section of French society whose major political fear is that the Left alliance, its Gallic historic compromise intact, will achieve power in 1978. Or perhaps even before. For another of Chirac's contributions in recent weeks has been to introduce certain adventurous hypotheses – the possibility of advancing the parliamentary elections, the (even remoter) chance that Giscard might consider resigning before his seven-year term has expired. Until Chirac invented his *Rassemblement pour la République* everyone assumed it was a question of sitting things out until the new parliamentary majority was elected in mid-1978.

Even such a well-established axiom as that is now in question. The calendar might suddenly speed up, nudged along by the recalcitrant stagnation of the French economy, and the massive reverses for Giscard's majority which will inevitably characterise the March local elections, unless the pollsters have been pressing the wrong buttons. A blocked situation has become entirely fluid. And as the Foreign Office spokesman whimsically remarked after the Hitler-Stalin pact, all the 'isms' are now 'wasms'.

It would be hard to regard these developments as progress in any real sense. Rather Chirac, partly consciously, and partly not, has managed to ante-date French political life and take everyone on a walk into the past. It took ten weeks of anguished discussion to select the name of his party – or movement, as some enthusiasts prefer to call it – and the final choice reflected what commentators are now calling Chirac's 'neo-Gaullist' aspirations. (These are the same commentators as a matter of fact who were writing essays about Giscard's 'post-Gaullism' after his desperately narrow presidential victory in June 1974.) The former Prime Minister is trying to speak over the heads of the established parties to what you might call 'middle France'. He is trying to follow the General's strategy, if indeed that's what it was, during the long exile from power. And as one could hear on the December night when Chirac assembled his 'rassemblement' in the Palais des Sports near the Porte de Versailles, he is even trying to reproduce (with awful results) the General's sonorous and slightly lunatic style of delivering speeches to mass audiences.

These journeys backwards are not entirely without hazard and the most immediate result of the Chirac initiative is the sense of danger and violence now in the air. The word 'rassemblement' itself has something to do with this. It can be used to mean simply a 'gathering' or 'large assembly of people' but when the police talk of dispersing 'les rassemblements' in the plural they mean 'break up a mob'. Chirac's supporters, whose common denominator besides fear of the Left is acrimonious disgust at French economic life, its high prices and increasingly omnipotent bureaucracy, have some of the populist passion which characterised the small shopkeepers' movements of Pierre Poujade in the 1950s and Gerard Nicoud more recently. It is characteristic of such movements to be disproportionately combative and, perhaps above all, physically visible. They thrive on crowds and on confrontation. Their Achilles' heel is to be open to ideological and tactical domination from the extreme Right.

It was an extreme right-wing group, using a name left over from the pre-Popular Front street politics of the middle 1930s, which claimed responsibility for the gun-blast assassination of Prince Jean de Broglie during the end of the year holidays. It is doubtful whether two months ago anyone would have printed such allegations, let alone taken them seriously. Rather the death would have been related to the bizarre context of the Prince himself, whose combination of Gaullist politics, capitalist hustling and the impertinent tax evasion of the very rich made him a target (literally as it turned out) for blackmail and small-time mobsters. However, this defunct ex-number two in the French Foreign Ministry supported Algerian independence, itself a measure of his eccentricity, and played an important part in the Evian settlement of 1962. In the post-Chirac atmosphere all kinds of violent political ghosts, the OAS first of all naturally, were at once conjured up to explain the shooting. Not very long ago the same people now talking about newly established secret organisations with terrorist intentions would have been ready to accept the commonest French explanation for virtually all human aberration – the pursuit of extreme wealth.

Another equivocal prince, this time Interior Minister Poniatowski, has fallen into the habit of describing Chirac's movement as fundamentally fascist (which is not true, it simply has fascist possibilities) and even delighted some French political circles by referring to the famous Palais des Sports 'rassemblement' as 'Chirac's personal Nuremberg'. Things are more complicated than that, so much more so that now one is involved in juggling such groups as former Chaban-Delmas or Sanguinetti Gaullists, or Gaullist-orientated centrist defectors, or even right-wing socialists who might under certain circumstances vote against the Left Alliance, for all the world as though we had retreated 20 years and were back in the Fourth Republic when prime ministers were as common as stoppages on the *métro*.

The French talent for political division and sub-division, suspended as it was by the constitution of the Fifth Republic, now blossoms again thanks to Chirac's political green fingers. In his search for something quintessentially populist and French, an element in the society which could carry him to power, he has so far succeeded only in isolating the destructive aspects and fuelling them with collective fear and bitterness. However, the deputy from the Correze, or 'President for the Republic' as some supporters call him, will very likely dominate the country's political life in 1977.

Certainly until the real President (*of* the Republic) finds a way of imposing himself on the society that (once) elected him to the office. All the indications at present are that the French have decided once is enough.

Paris

NEXT WEEK
Jeremy Bray
Escaping from the IMF Straitjacket
Peter Wilby
English in the Classroom
(The first of a series of articles on the way the major subjects are taught in Britain's schools)

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Alexander Cockburn

Rupert's New York Rampage

There has to be an autobiographical element to this story. In 1973 I began working for the *Village Voice*, a New York weekly newspaper more or less synonymous with the Sixties' underground, and indeed the very first of the 'alternative' newspapers which flourished at the time. Arriving in New York with no means of support I had telephoned the editor of the *Voice* and suggested we have a drink. He politely invited me to lunch at a place I thought I heard him describe as 'The Scene'. I arrived at the appointed hour in appropriately Bohemian garb to find myself at a fashionable East-side restaurant called 'Le Cygne' and to see awaiting me three conservatively dressed gentlemen who turned out to be the editor, publisher and president of the *Village Voice*.

Over powerful martinis they revealed that the *Voice* had a circulation of 150,000 and intimated that it was making quite reasonable sums of money. I subsequently discovered that the majority stock-holding in the company was held by a young man called Carter Burden, descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and inheritor of many, many millions of dollars. The original *Voice* editors had sold the bulk of the *Voice* to him in the early Seventies for about $3.5m. They had, nonetheless, remained to run the paper.

I toiled away on the *Voice* for 18 months. Then one day in mid-1974, in that abrupt fashion to which journalists inevitably become accustomed, it was announced to the staff that Carter Burden had sold his controlling share in the *Voice* to Clay Felker, founder and editor of *New York Magazine*.

New York Magazine was everything that the *Voice* was not. If the *Voice* was the publication of Bohemia, of the counter-culture, of fringe New York, *New York Magazine* was in many ways the expression of upwardly mobile citizens, yearning to learn how to live smartly and spend with discernment. It was Felker's genius to combine this elegant service journalism with such *succès de scandale* as Tom Wolfe's famous put-down of radical chic and many other landmarks in the new journalism. It seems bizarrely inappropriate that the two publications should be joined in one company – but by that time we were in the mid-Seventies and the contradictions of the Sixties had subsided into the ironies of even later monopoly capitalism.

More or less at the same time as I arrived in New York Rupert Murdoch also sprang across the Atlantic and at once launched a weekly publication called the *Star*. The *Star* was and is a weekly selling largely to housewives in supermarkets. It announces Jackie Onassis's latest companion, Elizabeth Taylor's latest husband and the course of the readers' destinies as dictated by the motion of the planets. Shortly thereafter Murdoch bought a couple of papers in San Antonio for $17m. One of them, the *San Antonio News*, is now famous for such headlines as 'Gulf Shark Bites Chunk Out of Boy' and 'Rat Hordes Moving Into S.A. Homes'. Its circulation has increased.

For a couple of years Murdoch sought unsuccessfully to buy into the big time. Last November he finally achieved success with the purchase of the *New York Post* for $31m. As I reported at the time, there was surprisingly little commotion at the purchase of this venerable liberal paper by a foreigner, and indeed a foreigner publishing the *News of the World* and the *Sun*. There were laborious jokes about the British addiction to what one American writer described as 'boobs and bums' journalism, but nothing much more.

Meanwhile Felker had started a West Coast sister of *New York Magazine* called *New West*. The magazine did well, but cost a lot of money. Felker's board of directors became restive. For advice amid his problems he incautiously turned, just before Christmas, to his friend Rupert Murdoch. Murdoch offered Felker a deal which the latter turned down. Three days before Christmas Felker suddenly learned that Murdoch had gone behind him to Carter Burden (who as a result of the *Voice* sale controlled at least 34 per cent of the shares of Felker's company) and was secretly negotiating to acquire his interest. This was the point at which Americans really began to sit up and take notice of Murdoch. It became plain that, if he were to succeed, Murdoch would control the two major liberal weeklies and the main liberal daily in New York City.

Gazing around for sources of aid against the Australian encroacher, Felker's eye fell naturally on the form of Katharine Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*.

She, seeing a sound business proposition, immediately made a counter-bid for Burden's crucial shares. Burden, on a skiing holiday in Idaho, dallied and dickered, agreed and then finally after a midnight shouting-match over the telephone with Felker refused to sell to the *Washington Post*. Scenting his moment, Murdoch leapt into a chartered jet, flew into the perilous airport at Sun Valley, Idaho, thrashed about in the snowdrifts, finally located Burden and extracted his agreement to sell the shares. Having secured other blocks of shares he announced victory, at a probable cost of around $14m.

Felker had meanwhile secured a court order restraining the sale of Burden's shares. At this point the writers of *New York Magazine* began to make the sort of noises Murdoch became familiar with at various states in the *Observer* negotiations. Anything, they proclaimed, would be better than Murdoch – particularly the *Washington Post*. Richard Reeves, *New York Magazine's* foremost political commentator, even went on television to announce portentously that he found something alarming in the fact that a foreigner could buy American papers – a statement which non-Americans round the world will find amusing.

Indeed over the last few days I myself – down at the scabrous *Village Voice* – have become worried with the question: 'Who would you rather be bought by?' I repeatedly cite the method used by the ancient Turks to dispose of unwanted sultans. They would kill the poor fellow by slowly crushing his testicles between silken pillows. This is more or less my view of ownership by the *Washington Post* company. In New Guinea, on the other hand, they would take the unwanted chieftain to the mountainside, stretch him out and smash his testicles flat with a rock. This is possibly what could happen with Murdoch. Most of my colleagues seem to find the silken pillow method more appealing. But alas, even that option may not be available to them. The *Washington Post* is not prepared to finance the lengthy court action which is essentially the only way in which Felker can defeat Murdoch. Even now Felker is searching for other backers who are prepared to stake the possible $500,000 court costs, plus the final $14m. buying price. Meanwhile Murdoch is claiming victory and the staff of *New York Magazine* is threatening to go on strike if the riven board of directors do not postpone the final moment of sale. Thus has it come about that Rupert Murdoch may end up owning the first of the underground newspapers.

Murdoch can savour various symbols of triumph – assuming he can consummate his purchase in the courts. After six weeks' expenditure of nearly $50m. he stands near to the control of a huge slice of New York journalism, plus a booming property on the West Coast. He is to be featured on the covers of both *Newsweek* and *Time* next week. In a brief space he has become the King Kong of American journalism. All round town journalists turn each day to the *New York Post* to detect fresh evidence of his brutish ways. There will be more to come. Immigration lawyers are processing

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visa applications of Australian journalists by the score. The old days of the *Front Page* are at hand.

The eruption of Murdoch takes place against a background of declining readership and accelerating monopolisation for most American newspapers. Struggling against television and radio they have become bulky with 'living' and 'entertainment' supplements. The journalism itself is often high-minded, prolix and – in the British sense – not slave to the thuggish sub-editor's pencil. To me this has often been an unmitigated relief. Murdoch's gamble is evidently that the tried and tested techniques of Australian and British popular journalism can succeed in a market long gone flabby. The defeat of the *Washington Post* in the bidding fight was to him a moment sweet indeed: some recompense for the loss of the *Observer* to Atlantic Richfield, a company which – I might note – has officially admitted to aggregate 'questionable overseas payments' of $262,000 between 1969 and 1976. Each to his own glasshouse.

Odd, all the same, to think that Murdoch may be the Empire's revenge for American imperialism.

New York

Ben Pimlott

Tribune and the Thirties

Part outraged socialist nanny, part radical school mag from Cripps to Benn, Bevan to Heffer, Wilkinson to Hart, for 40 years *Tribune* has been the self-appointed guardian of Labour's ever elusive conscience. This week's birthday celebrations (*Tribune* first appeared on 1 January 1937) provide cause to look back at a paper whose campaigning and iconoclasm over two generations have made it a taken-for-granted institution of the kind which compels even enemies to regard it with perverse affection. Sectional, factional, conspiratorial, incorruptible, *Tribune* in unsedate middle age can proudly claim as big a chunk of the British socialist tradition as any rival. Yet *Tribune*'s survival, still less its influence, could not have been predicted in 1937, year of gloom and failure. It is worth recalling that the paper's birth, and with it that of the modern Labour Left, lies less in heroism than in tragicomedy or farce.

George Orwell (who became literary editor when the paper was least fashionable, attacking Churchill in the last years of the war) claimed that he had never even heard of *Tribune* until some time in 1939. Perhaps this is not surprising. *Tribune* began as a broadsheet for an ill-named and ill-conceived movement called the Unity Campaign, which hoped to bring about a united front of Labour, Independent Labour Party (ILP) and Communists.

To Michael Foot, learning journalism and politics in the *Tribune* office at the time, the Unity Campaign later seemed 'the most ambitious bid made by the British Left throughout the whole period of the Thirties to break the stultifying rigidity of party alignments'. To an outsider today, it looks more like a disaster. Indeed, what is striking now is how much 40 years has taught the British Left in tactics and finesse.

What 'unity' or 'united front' actually meant was the affiliation or reaffiliation to Labour of the Communist Party and perhaps the ILP as well. This plan had the backing within the Labour Party of Stafford Cripps's Socialist League, father of *Tribune* and the modern Labour Left, which found in tales of the International Brigade abroad and in communist militancy at home a stirring contrast to the bureaucratic desiccation of Transport House. British communists had wanted affiliation since 1935 when Stalin, alarmed by Hitler, had told the Comintern to stop treating social democrats as 'social fascists' and seek alliances with them instead. Jimmy Maxton's semi-Trotskyist ILP desired only to end its debilitating isolation from the Labour movement, which it had left, fatally, in 1932. *Tribune* was to propagate the merits of the new alliance.

Influenced by the stupendous success of Gollancz's Left Book Club which had started the previous summer, Stafford Cripps and G. R. Strauss, restless, rebellious and very rich, put up the cash for a new paper which they believed could carry the Unity Campaign to victory by capturing and channelling socialist enthusiasm created by the Spanish Civil War. William Mellor, once editor of the *Daily Herald*, and currently chairman of the Socialist League, was given editorial control. Ellen Wilkinson, Noel Brailsford, Harold Laski and Aneurin Bevan sat with Cripps and Strauss on the Board. The first issue appeared, and dizzy hopes of a 50,000 circulation faded sadly away.

Beatrice Webb wrote tartly of her brilliant nephew, Stafford Cripps, when he had moved sharply to the Left but still seemed destined to lead the party, 'he is oddly immature in intellect and unbalanced in judgment . . . He does not *know* his own limitations: he is ignorant and reckless in his statements and proposals'. The launching of the Unity Campaign and the foundation of *Tribune*, dubbed 'Cripps's Chronicle' in its early days, seemed amply to bear her out.

For a very few weeks, *Tribune* and the Campaign were a heady combination. The demonstrations were frequent, big and fun. 'Red front, red front, red united fighting front!' chanted Ted (now Lord) Willis, the Andy Bevan of his day, marching with thousands of his comrades in the Labour League of Youth down Whitehall to Trafalgar Square. There, Stafford Cripps and Aneurin Bevan, and Communists like Harry Pollitt and Willie Gallacher, made speeches which caused flesh to tingle and sent marchers home tired but happy, 'with our enthusiasm renewed, confident that we had that day significantly advanced the cause of socialism and anti-fascism'.

The odds, of course, were hopeless. The Labour and trade union Establishment – Bevin, Citrine, Morrison, Dalton – were implacable and unshakeable. Bevin, until his death *Tribune*'s Public Enemy No 1, regarded intellectuals of the far Left as 'people who stab you in the back'. This had a lot to do with class. Kingsley Martin used to recall Bevin's remark to Sir Charles Trevelyan, baronet, landowner, Lord Lieutenant for Northumberland, and left-wing advocate of the general strike against war. 'You want a strike? OK, I am to call out 600,000 dockers; will you call out the Lord Lieutenants?' The Socialist League leadership contained more Etonians and Wykehamists than workers, and similarities of background and of style between the two most glittering left-wing Labour personalities of the decade, Mosley and Cripps, did not escape comment after Sir Oswald moved on. The trade unions became steadily more hostile to the extreme Left, after a brief honeymoon following MacDonald's defection in 1931 had passed. Hence the Socialist League had few powerful friends when, three days after the Unity Campaign began, the NEC disaffiliated it for consorting with communist disruptionists.

But what lent a touch of the surreal to the Campaign was the impact of events in Russia and Spain, where, alas, the tactical requirements of the British Left did not weigh too heavily. The great Moscow show trials had recently begun, with Zinoviev, Kamenev and other old Bolsheviks confessing to an implausible range of crimes. The attitude of British Communists was elegantly summed up in a *Daily Worker* headline: SHOOT THE REPTILES. Some members of the Socialist League (like D. N. Pritt) tended to agree. Others were more squeamish, and the ILP, outraged, demanded an international commission to investigate.

This, however, caused only a minor tiff within the Campaign, compared with the growing divergence over Spain, where in 1937 British communists and members of the ILP were finding themselves, embarrassingly, fighting on opposite sides. George Orwell was not the only member of the ILP contingent, fresh from battle on the side of POUM against the fascists, and finding himself hunted down by Spanish communists in Barcelona, to develop a sharp distaste for communists everywhere. The death in a communist gaol in Valencia of Bob Smillie, chairman of the ILP Guild of Youth, was an added trauma. Fenner Brockway wrote of him: 'Without exception he was the finest lad I ever knew.' ILP bitterness was the more intense because pro-Republican British papers tended to prefer communist accounts (THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION, rejecting articles by Orwell, was a bad offender). Brockway suggested that he, Cripps and Pollitt should go to Spain with the lofty but absurd aim of re-establishing unity in the anti-fascist ranks. Pollitt refused.

Backed by *Tribune* and the Socialist League, the Unity Campaign limped on, but not for long. Far more paranoid about 'extremist' infiltration then than now, the Labour leadership decided to root out subversiveness once and for all. 'It must be our discipline or the Communist Party disci-

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pline', declared one organiser. With its membership under threat of expulsion from the Labour Party, and by now disintegrating and heavily dependent on Cripps's money, the Socialist League wound up.

Thus ended forever the strange phenomenon (which had existed since 1900 in one form or another) of a highly structured left-wing party within the Labour Party. Barbara Betts (now Mrs Castle) urged at the dissolution conference of the Socialist League that the abandonment of formal organisation was 'not a funeral but a conscious political tactic'. It is a tactic which has been followed ever since. Keep Left, Victory For Socialism, the Bevanites, the *Tribune* Group, have all tended to prefer the loose alliance to the revoluntionary Vanguard.

In this had lain *Tribune*'s strength. *Tribune* has not been short on issues or causes. But for most (not all) its 40-year history its proudest boast has been its independence – never the exclusive property of one sect, always an umbrella for a range of tendencies. Under editors as diverse as Mellor, Hartshorn, Bevan, Foot and Clements, *Tribune* has reflected the bad and the good, the immobilism and the vision, the arrogance but above all the irreverent bloody-mindedness of the Labour Left. 'Its relative popularity, and even its survival', wrote Orwell in 1947, 'is a hopeful symptom'. Hopeful still, 40 years on.

Naomi Shepherd

Rabin's Pre-Emptive Strike

Yitzhak Rabin's decision to expel the National Religious Party from the government on a point of coalition discipline, and his subsequent resignation to prevent a Likud no-confidence vote, were clearly intended to improve his own position within the Labour Party and the prospects of the party at the next elections. His protests that principles were at stake were no more convincing than other generals quoting Clausewitz to back up some particularly original piece of *chutzpah*. However, this kind of pre-emptive strike, which has now brought the elections forward from next November to May 1977, depends for its success on careful planning, and here Mr Rabin has already suffered severe setbacks – at least one of them uncovenanted.

The suicide of Avraham Ofer, Rabin's Minister of Housing and a leading Labour moderate, may in fact prove to be the most damaging blow of all. Ofer had not been formally charged with any offence: but the press had for months published rumours that he had been involved in financial misdemeanours during his previous job as head of a union-dominated housing company If subsequent inquiry proves that Ofer was innocent, Labour will have been shown to have abandoned a comrade in need. If the charges are substantiated, the Labour Establishment, already associated with series of financial scandals will inevitably be further discredited.

Nonetheless the reasons for Rabin's move were obvious enough. The domestic policies of the Labour coalition over the past two-and-a-half years had been so criticised that Rabin was determined to go to the polls on the issue of foreign policy – always his strong point. He clearly hoped that, despite his misjudged support of Ford during the American election campaign, he could negotiate with the Carter Administration successfully over the reconvening of the Geneva conference, leading his party to victory on a 'peace initiative' programme. This, however, was impossible when every move he made was hamstrung by the menace of the National Religious Party's hawks, supported by elements within his own party, who rejected any negotiations whatever over the West Bank.

With one stroke, Mr Rabin clearly hoped for a breathing space as head of a caretaker government, during which he could achieve with one initiative the come-uppance of the NRP and formulate policies afresh for the May election. However, and not for the first time, Mr Rabin's political acumen proved less reliable than his military instincts. Having failed to put Mr Peres into the picture during the planning stage, he virtually forced the Defence Minister into a confrontation.

Thus, after a brief outburst of applause, Mr Rabin found himself not only openly attacked by Mr Eban (a candidate for the premiership) as 'a magnet uniquely able to repel' but facing a Mr Peres prepared to let it be known that, yes, he was actually going to stand for Premier, too. The air in the party only cleared slightly last week when 78-year-old Mrs Golda Meir, making what may not be positively her last appearance, brought Labour to order with a severe reprimand, indicating for a few days at least that Big Mummy was still to be reckoned with. The Independent Liberals tried desperately to jump out of the Government boat with the resignation of their two ministers, but as resignation from a caretaker government is impossible, the High Court is currently debating their actual status.

Mr Rabin has also oversimplified in suggesting in recent appearances that there will now be a straight fight between Labour and Likud, the forces of socialism and those of the Right, moderation versus reaction. Both large blocs are hopelessly split over foreign policy, with Mapam threatening to leave Labour if it does not adopt a clear policy of willingness to vacate Arab territories. Mr Begin's clam-like grip of leadership of the Right, and his unrealistically hard line on concessions have also provoked a recent rush of defections to the centre. His appeals to the President to be allowed to form an interim government until the elections have been stymied by the fact that he, too, would be incapable of forming a majority group even with the help of the NRP – the nightmare of many moderate Israelis for years past.

The formation of new parties, particularly that of Yigael Yadin, should have led Labour to review its policies and tighten its ranks. Yadin has now combined with Shinui – the most important of the post-Yom Kippur war protest movements – to form the Democratic Movement for Change, and a snap poll taken by an evening newspaper on 28 December gave the DMC as many as 22 seats in the next Knesset. The NRP, with ten seats, was able to wrestle all Mr Rabin's more enterprising policies to the ground and the DMC may well be able to dictate terms as a coalition partner.

Optimistic moderates here believe that a Mapam-Labour-DMC coalition, especially if the DMC joins forces with a projected Liberal centre (the Citizens Rights, Independent Liberals and even Shmuel Tamir's Free Centre) might produce the kind of stable, moderate policy which would give Israel much needed strength at the negotiating table.

It does not follow, though, that radical change in Israeli foreign policy would be the inevitable consequence of a domestic shakeup. In a recent interview, Yadin made it clear that the 'functional government' which would have power until Israel put its house in order would be unable to 'come to any conclusive agreements with the Arabs'. Yadin's foreign policy programme differs in no way from the conventional Labour platform – withdrawal only from heavily-populated parts of the West Bank, rejection of the Palestinian state, the Jordan as Israel's 'security border', etc. And Yadin has not rejected the possibility of a linkup with Arik Sharon's new Shlomzion movement, whose most original contribution to the foreign policy debate was that Jordan be turned over to PLO rule.

Moreover, the already fragmented political scene might split into yet smaller components, as the large traditional 'alignments' break up; the break-up could come about through the probable concentration of Israeli-Arab votes behind the Rakah new Communist Party, which one statistician has estimated might gain ten seats in the next government (it now has four), as the result of Labour's weakness as a patron and protector.

Once the platforms and personalities become clear, in early March, the US Administration will inevitably become involved in the Israeli election compaign. If Rabin can survive till then, this might be to his advantage. His best chance of success is to suggest that Peres as leader would mean a catastrophic split in Labour ranks – but this tactic may not succeed. Labour may well decide that Peres is the man better equipped to lead the party (even as a constellation of doves with a hawk at its head) than a man as accident-prone as Mr Rabin has recently proved to be. But even if Mr Rabin's attempt to enforce discipline on the Government has failed, it has brought home to the Israeli voter the need for a clear mandate for change for whichever Israeli leader is chosen to speak for Israel to the Arabs and to Washington.

Jerusalem

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John Shirley and Martin Short*

Police Five

What was significant about the great porn squad trial that ended three days before Christmas with the jailing of five former members of the Metropolitan Police Obscene Publications Squad on corruption charges was that it took so long to happen.

The Met's A10 Branch has now spent more than three years investigating the special relationship between police and Soho pornographers, so dramatically detailed in the diaries of the 'Emperor of Porn' James Humphreys in 1973 – and the Old Bailey trial was one result of their endeavours. But if prosecuting counsel John Mathew was right in his suggestions that this 'cancerous growth of corruption' went back to the beginnings of the OPS in the early 1950s, then why people stayed silent for so long remains an unanswered, and disturbing, question.

Nothing illustrates this worrying aspect of the affair better than the case of former Detective Chief Inspector George Fenwick, described by Mr Justice Mars-Jones as 'the arch villian who must bear the severest punishment'. Fenwick got ten years for conspiracy and eight years (to run concurrently) on four specific bribery offences involving £2,300. But these were only specimen cases, and they unintentionally obscured the full extent of his involvement in the porn ring. More important, the offences brought to court disguised the wide range of Fenwick's contacts in the underworld and in the Met.

He was, like many Metropolitan detectives (and, for that matter, pornographers), a Freemason. Like other members of the Obscene Publications Squad he lived, according to Det. Insp. Anthony Kilkerr, the leading prosecution witness (and another Freemason) 'a fairly high social life'. Certainly, he socialised quite openly with leading figures in the porn trade, like Humphreys and Gerald Citron. But more significantly, Fenwick had been a policeman since 1953 and made his progress through the elaborate network of selection boards obligatory in the Met. No one, it seemed, attempted to prevent his rise.

He arrived in OPS in 1970 already a discredited man. Two years earlier, he had been exposed for his activities as an *agent-provocateur* in South London with a petty criminal named Roger Gatland. Gatland was to be given ammonia and a toy gun by Fenwick and two colleagues, and encouraged to involve his criminal mates in an attempted bank robbery. The officers would arrest the participants at the opportune moment, release Gatland and be left with a useful gaggle of convictions to aid their own promotions. But after the *Sunday People* reported the plan in detail, Fenwick was moved out of No 9 Regional Crime Squad at some speed. Far from being disciplined, he was actually promoted.

His transfer into OPS, or the 'Dirty Squad' as it was appropriately called, indicated something of the cynicism *already prevailing* in police/pornography relationships. A senior officer at the Yard discussed the move with Bernie Silver, then the leading light in Soho's prostitution and pornography world. The officer commended Fenwick on the grounds that any press inquiry into Soho vice would be construed as malicious persecution of the unfortunate George; Silver agreed, adding that if any corruption came to light it could be laid at Fenwick's door, since he was already a suspect case. No one seemed too bothered about it, though.

To be fair, Fenwick inherited *an established tradition* whereby, in return for cash payments, he and some members of his team would allow selected pornographers to trade freely. But during 18 months as, in effect, the operational chief of OPS Fenwick branched out into imaginative sidelines of his own, making new contacts on both sides of the criminal divide.

Of those who testified against him at the Old Bailey, the biggest pornographer was Ronald Eric 'John' Mason, who claimed his first corrupt payment had been made to OPS *in 1953*. By the time he was passed to Fenwick, Mason said he was paying £1,000 *a month* for protection over six shops. Fenwick took the collection and embellished the relationship: he took Mason, appropriately bedecked in a CID tie, to recover his own hard-core material from the vaults of Holborn Police Station for re-sale; he delivered porn direct to Mason's home; for an additional fee he sub-edited one of Mason's magazines, *Janus*; later he offered to write for *Janus* on the workings of the Obscene Publications Act – under an assumed name.

Fenwick operated the OPS system for un official 'licences' for publishing porn as wel as selling it. In 1971 Det. Sergeant Cyri Jones (jailed for seven years) introduced hin to William Wallace, who was about t launch a contact magazine called *Search* Fenwick demanded, and got, £100 *an issu* for leaving it alone. When Wallace pub lished *Relate* the following year Fenwicl charged £100 *an issue* for that one too And in May, 1973, as Wallace prepared tc put a third publication, *Accord*, on to the market, Fenwick told him there would be a further charge of £100 *an issue* to fork out. He performed the same sub-editing services for Wallace as for Mason, advising Wallace's partner 'Beau' Reynolds on suit able material for *Search*, *Relate* and *Accord* A10 found his handwritten comments or the proofs.

In a single deal, which horrified solicitors at the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, Fenwick took a payment of £1,000 from another pornographer to secure the collapse of a porn conspiracy charge A Cardiff wholesaler named Murrin had been arrested by uniformed officers in Soho about to load porn into his van. Two of Fenwick's runners, Det. Sergeant Michael Chamberlain (jailed for eight years) and Det. Insp. Charles O'Hanlon (jailed for seven years) intervened next day, telling Murrin that a deal was possible. Murrin foolishly offered £1,000. They accepted. The money was passed by a mutual friend to Fenwick, and in due course Chamberlain told the committal magistrate's court that Murrin had given up the porn game and did not know what his contact man was going to offer him.

But Fenwick did more than merely orchestrate the cash registers of the Dirty Squad. He was the senior officer who went out of his way to corrupt novitiates into the OPS and make them part of the system, after which they could be looked after by Chamberlain, O'Hanlon, or indeed the fifth man Det. Sergeant Peter Fisher (jailed for four years). This was the crushing impact of the testimony of Anthony Kilkerr and his three brother officers who testified against their former colleagues. It was Kilkerr who told the Old Bailey jury how Fenwick took him aside and stuck some £5 notes into his

John Shirley and Martin Short are co-authors, with Barry Cox, of The Fall of Scotland Yard, *to be published by Penguin Books later this year.*

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breast-pocket with the words 'Go on, don't be a c——. Take it, it's good money. It's the safest money you will ever get . . . Now buy the wife and kids something.' The following Friday the same thing happened: £20 in fivers. Kilkerr questioned it. Fenwick brushed him off. The baptism was complete. As Kilkerr himself put it: 'There was no way round it. That was the dead end. He was the top man there as far as I was concerned. I put the money back in my pocket and as I turned to go out of the office he said: "Handsome, don't panic".'

Fenwick left the Dirty Squad in 1972. He continued to collect £200 a month from Wallace until Easter 1974 when he was suspended. He continued too to socialise with Mason and another pornographer, Ron 'The Dustman' Davey, a member of his own Freemasons' Lodge. As late as 1975 he still had the nerve to solicit from Wallace a £50 'drink' for Jones, his former OPS colleague who had fallen on hard times. Later on, Fenwick tried to talk at least two pornographers out of testifying against him, when it was clear A10 were getting close.

Where did all his money go? Wallace alone paid over £9,000 during three years, most of it to Fenwick. Mason must have given him approaching £10,000, and there were other payments also. Some of it went into investments: Fenwick had £2,000 in shares, and his wife, with Mrs Chamberlain and Mrs O'Hanlon, set up a property company, Ardor Investments (Herne Bay) Ltd in 1973. They also put £13,000 in two Surrey firms, Tolworth Car Hire and Coulsdon Car Hire. Yet a substantial sum seems to have disappeared altogether. Some of it may have gone abroad, but the prime suspicion remains that much of it was handed on to certain other officers already moved elsewhere.

If that was true, a lot of other people must have known down the years what was afoot. The pornographers knew, and didn't like it. Journalists knew, and some tried hard to get it out. The Whitehouse/Longford lobby knew too, and did their bit. But before Sir Robert Mark became Commissioner of the Met in 1972, no one in the London CID broke cover. Who knows what dark secrets may yet lie hidden?

Donald Gould

Continental Breakfast in Bed?

If you happen, by ill chance, to be a patient in one of a number of NHS hospitals in the areas surrounding Sheffield and Liverpool and if you had bacon and eggs for breakfast, then it may be that you enjoyed your coronary-sludging introduction to the day by virtue of an attitude struck by members of the kitchen staff who are also members of the National Union of Public Employees. And when I say 'an attitude struck' that is precisely what I mean. About 40 cooks in hospital kitchens in and around Liverpool went on strike during Advent because they had been ordered to supply Continental breakfasts to patients lying in the wards above. Their union had described the decision to replace cooked breakfasts with fruit juice, toast and marmalade as 'parsimonious and petty', and there was a pretence that the cooks involved in this particular sample of industrial action were moved by an indignant compassion for the poor, starveling sick they served.

What a load of hypocritical old nonsense! The facts are these. A survey had shown that a majority of people in hospital would *prefer* an early morning snack of toast and juice to a plateful of parboiled pig meat lounging in a shallow pond of lukewarm grease. And since this pleasantly healthy change in diet would save the Liverpool Health District alone something like £38,000 each year, the managers decided to adopt it. The managers also felt that they could reasonably save another £20,000 per annum by cutting out puddings from the menu for the evening meal. And if I know anything at all about the 'puddings' used to top off the evening meals in NHS hopsitals (and I do, indeed, have some small knowledge of these things), then that, also, would seem to me to be a humane and wise decision.

But not according to NUPE. A NUPE official, speaking on the radio a few days ago, made great play with the idea of a heartless bureaucracy depriving patients of nourishment and comfort, and put himself and his fellow members forward as guardians of the defenceless and the needy. But another NUPE official (or it may, indeed, have been the very same gent) gave the game away completely in a remark quoted in the doctors' weekly tabloid, *General Practitioner*. He said: 'The union would accept Continental breakfasts if it was sure there would be no redundancies.'

This isn't the first time that unions representing workers in the NHS have striven to promote their own entirely selfish interests under the guise of a holy devotion to the ideas expressed in the old French tag, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. There was all that business about pay beds. All the unions to which workers in the NHS belong (excluding, of course, the doctors) are dead against the flowering and flourishment of private medicine.

There is the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE). There is the Confederation of Health Service Employees (COHSE). There is the National and Local Government Officers' Association (NALGO). And there is the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs (ASTMS) which does have members working for private concerns. All these unions have taken action within recent months calculated to stymie the advance of private medicine. A year ago, for example, all 158 private beds in Birmingham's 18 NHS hospitals were blacked by NUPE workers when the consultants in the area decided to work to rule because of the threat that those private beds would be abolished. The same kind of thing (a refusal to serve meals, or sweep floors, or perform other services in private wards) has happened in dozens of hospitals across the land. NALGO told its members working in Town Halls how to obstruct applications for planning permission for new private hospitals.

All this is done in the name of socialism. What rot! The health service unions want to prevent the growth of private practice for one reason, and one reason only. So long as the NHS remains the only effective supplier of medical care, then just so long will the unions representing the workers in the NHS possess an enormous power – just like the power already in the hands of the miners, and the railway men, and the electricity men, and other groups upon whom we are wholly dependent for various essential supplies and services.

A year or so ago Dr David Owen, while still Minister of Health, remarked that the NHS had gone through an interesting metamorphosis within the very recent past. 'There has been a sizeable shift in the balance of power,' he said, 'reflecting a shift going on in the country as a whole. Nurses now have a voice to be reckoned with, and so do the health service unions. No Minister of Health, whether Tory or Labour, can ever again handle the health service simply by squaring things with the BMA. There are other forces now – and they are there for keeps.'

But it's not just a question of whether patients in NHS hospitals are to have coffee and rolls or bacon and eggs for breakfast. Over the next ten or 20 years the most profound changes have to be made in our methods for delivering health care if we are to have any hope of sustaining the excellent principle that all who require medical aid should be able to get it.

The health care business is, as the jargon has it, labour-intensive. And as costs rise, and as demand increases, the only possible way of stretching the 5 per cent or so of the GNP available for meeting that demand is to so manage matters that fewer people serve more needs.

We have to get away from the concept of the hospital hotel. Much more of the work of treating and preventing diseases must be done in the community – in the high street – in health centres in school clinics. We have to think in terms of five-day hospitals which close at week-ends, and of day hospitals which have no patients staying overnight at all. The very term 'patient' ought to be forgotten, as we assume more and more responsibility for our own health and wellbeing – not just treating our own minor ailments but also taking active steps to keep ourselves well.

All this is going to mean a large reduction in the number of people who are paid to serve the sick. If the health service unions are determined to obstruct any reform in the pattern of the delivery of health care which threatens a reduction in jobs and a fall in their membership, then our prospects for evolving a National Health Service which does the job well, and at a price we can afford, are bleak indeed.

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John A. Loraine*

The State of the Planet 1977

During 1976 human over-crowding reached a new milestone. In late March global population topped the 4,000 million mark. The attainment of this highly significant all-time record was accorded surprisingly little publicity. The world was racked with more immediate and pressing problems – double digit inflation in many countries, global insecurity *vis-à-vis* food supplies, mounting acrimony in the confrontation between 'have' and 'have-not' nations, the spectre of a racial holocaust in Southern Africa, above all nuclear proliferation on an unprecedented scale. Faced with such a combination of challenges population pressures seemed almost irrelevant. Few seemed to care that during 1976 a further 70 million people had been added to a planet already vastly overcrowded; no one bemoaned the fact that ten years from now some 5,000 million people could be competing for the earth's fast dwindling resources.

The highest rate of population growth in the world in 1976 – 5.6 per cent – was in Kuwait; if this continued there would be double the number of Kuwaitis in 12 years. Other Opec members – Iraq, Qatar, Algeria and Libya – notched figures in excess of 3 per cent. The natural rate of population growth in these countries is already high; but an important additional factor during the Seventies has been the rapidly mounting level of immigration of people seeking to benefit from soaring oil revenues. Outside Opec high levels of population growth – in excess of 3 per cent – were reported in Africa: from Kenya, Uganda, Zambia, Rhodesia and Swaziland; in Asia from Jordan and the Maldive Islands; in Latin America from El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Mexico, Colombia, Ecuador, Surinam and the Bahamas.

During 1976 a sense of desperation took over about population growth in India. Numbers swelled to beyond 620 million; the annual rate of increase remained stubbornly high at 2 per cent. The Government raised the minimum legal age of marriage from 15 to 18 for women and from 18 to 21 for men. In January the Minister for Health and Family Planning, Dr Karan Singh, told Parliament in New Delhi that more draconian measures, including compulsory sterilisation after three children, might have to be introduced. The sterilisation issue immediately hit the headlines. Sanjay Gandhi, the Prime Minister's son, came out as a strong proponent of vasectomy. But other politicians and several journalists dubbed compulsory sterilisation as yet another unpalatable facet of the Government's State of Emergency. By the spring Karan Singh seemed less sure of himself. The Government had decided to rely on 'a certain degree of gentle and civilised pressure or persuasion' rather than legal enforcement at the national level. Meanwhile the state of Maharashtra was to be permitted to experiment with compulsory sterilisation. Numbers of sterilisations in the state were scheduled to increase from 318,000 in 1976 to 552,000 in 1977. To experienced India watchers this was an obvious chimera. For, given the previous track record of the country over sterilisation, the number of doctors and trained para-medical staff required to perform these vast numbers of vasectomies and tubal ligations were just not available.

A highly eclectic birth control programme continued to be operated in China during 1976. Free use of para-medical staff, particularly the celebrated 'barefoot doctors', remained a notable feature. The programme was backed by governmental measures, favouring late marriage, postponement of marriage for patriotic reasons, and the two-child norm within marriage; there was vigorous support for female emancipation and women's rights, policies with strong anti-natalist overtones. It seemed unlikely that under the new leadership of Hua Kuo-feng population policies in operation for two decades would be radically altered. The Washington-based Population Reference Bureau quoted the Chinese population in mid-1976 at the staggering figure of 837 million – more than one-fifth of the earth's inhabitants. The crude birth rate in China (27 per 1,000) was about double that of Western Europe, the death rate (10 per 1,000) approximately the same. The population was growing at a rate of 1.7 per cent per annum; by AD 2000 the planet could be supporting 1,100 million Chinese.

Fertility in the industrialised countries continued to decline during 1976. The ideological stance appeared to be making no difference to this trend. Thus there were low birth rates in Federal Germany and in the German Democratic Republic, in Belgium and Bulgaria, in Switzerland and Poland. Two EEC members – Federal Germany and Luxembourg – had more deaths than births; but population growth was maintained above zero by immigration. An actual loss of population amounting to 0.3 per cent per year was reported from Portugal and the German Democratic Republic. Of the countries of Western Europe only the Republic of Ireland has maintained its fertility in the Seventies, this being due to a number of factors including a rising marriage rate and decreased emigration to the UK.

The US population is currently estimated at 215.3 million, about 5 per cent of the global total. Between 1974 and 1975 it grew by 1.6 million; this was a slightly larger increase than earlier in the decade but was mainly accounted for by an influx of 130,000 refugees from Vietnam. The US birth rate stood at 14.8 per 1,000 – the lowest since records began, even lower than during the Great Depression of the Thirties The death rate (8.9 per 1,000) was also unprecedentedly low. The average American family size is now under two children Gradually in a country in which in the Fifties and Sixties there was an almost suffocating aura of pronatalism, the stigma associated with childless marriages and only children is beginning to disappear.

The last population census in the UK was in 1971. It disclosed that numbers had increased by about 2 million during the previous decade and stood at just over 55 million. In 1971 the birth rate was 16.4 per 1,000 population, the death rate 11.3, infantile mortality rate 18.8 per 1,000 live births. The population was growing at a rate of 0.2 per cent per annum and 23 per cent of people were under 15 years of age. The Registrar-General was projecting a figure of 66.5 million for 2000 and 70.9 million for 2010; both figures were destined to be dramatically downgraded as the decade of the Seventies progressed. In 1971 the population density of the UK was 228 persons per square kilometre. Excluding small islands and city states, it was the eighth most densely populated nation in the world; the density of England and Wales (323 persons per square kilometre) was exceeded only by that of Taiwan. As the Seventies opened the UK had just over 1 million New Commonwealth immigrants – mainly from the Indian subcontinent, the Caribbean and Africa; some 5 per cent of births were taking place to parents both of whom were coloured. By mid-1975 numbers of New Commonwealth immigrants had risen from 2.6 to 3.3 per cent of the total population of Great Britain; a relatively higher proportion of New Commonwealth immigrants was under the age of 15 than was the case with the indigenous population.

In 1972 the average family size in Britain was 2.4 children; by 1976 it had plummeted to 1.8. There were 831,000 live births in Britain in 1971; by 1975 the corresponding figure was down to 675,000. In England and Wales in 1975 the birth rate was 12.2 per 1,000 population; this was the lowest figure since accurate records began to be kept, like the US even lower than during the Great Economic Depression of the Thirties.

Along with the falling birth rate there has been a marked increase in the numbers of elderly people in the population. In 1922 only 9.4 per cent of people were over the normal retirement age of 65 for men and 60 for women; by 1974 the corresponding figure had risen to 16.8 per cent. The Central Statistical Office informs us that between 1970 and 1975 the number of

Dr Loraine's book Syndromes of the Seventies *will be published by Peter Owen later this year.*

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people in the UK over the normal retirement age rose by 9 per cent – from 8,912,000 to 9,518,000. Particularly striking was the increase in the group aged 85 and over – from 439,000 in 1970 to 515,000 in 1975.

The social implications of an ageing population are exceedingly difficult to predict. The Ross Panel on Population, established by the Government to investigate the British situation after the Report of a Parliamentary Select Committee, published its deliberations in 1973. Among the demographic patterns described by the Panel was a 'very low fertility model' in which by the end of the decade the Gross Reproduction Rate had fallen to 0.77, the family size to 1.6 children and the number of old people had markedly increased. It was argued at the time that such a radical change in population structure would be highly inimical to the labour force. But the Panel rejected this viewpoint, stating that fears of a declining labour force were greatly exaggerated and that with a mean family size of 1.6 children the ratio of workers to non-workers would be more favourable than that pertaining in 1973 when the figure for family size was in excess of two children.

Many view an ageing society with apprehension. They consider that it will be stagnant and conservative and will show an inbuilt lack of adaptability to change. Yet history scarcely bears out this interpretation. During the whole of the 20th century the median age of all Western countries had been rising steadily. Yet in spite of this, change has been running rampant. Indeed the past 77 years, for all their traumata and vicissitudes including amongst them two devastating world wars and the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagaski, have been amongst the most tumultuous and eventful of the whole human experience – and the immediate future does not look very different.

Western Cupidity

The North/South confrontation was a dominant feature of 1976. It reached its apogee at the various UN sponsored conferences at which it was made abundantly clear that the Third World countries were in no mood to accept the status quo. At Habitat in Vancouver the President of Mexico, Luis Echeverria, talked of a world divided into 'a bloc of abundance and an enormous archipelago or poverty'. The squalor of Third World cities was a cancer on the face of the earth; and Western cupidity, obduracy and intransigence towards the aspirations of the poor nations had been largely responsible for its genesis. Land could no longer be treated as a mere commodity to be bought and sold by a rich elite. Speculation on land must cease forthwith; 'appropriate agrarian reform' had been delayed far too long. The ILO conference in Geneva predicted that the attainment of the Third World's New International Economic Order was *de rigeur*. Job creation in developing countries was an urgent necessity; a thousand million new jobs, most of them in the poor nations, would have to be created by the end of the century. The sentiment was impeccable but the viewpoint hopelessly utopian. It underrated human reproductive capacity and its ability to swell the labour force; it took no cognisance of the fact that in a finite planet with dwindling resources, joblessness would, perforce, become ever more widespread.

At UNCTAD IV in Nairobi the poor countries, backed by Opec, battled for a fairer share of the world's wealth. The reception was chilly. The rich countries had come to Nairobi determined to give away as little as possible. Henry Kissinger reminded the conference that the US could survive a period of economic warfare 'better than almost any other nation'. Eventually after a marathon of haggling, a tiny gleam of light for the poor countries appeared at the end of the tunnel. The principle of a Common Fund to provide finance for commodity agreements was accepted by the conference together with a time-table for the negotiation of such agreements. The rhetoric was over; action was now called for. Whether a more rational pattern of global trade will emerge from UNCTAD IV remains to be seen.

During 1976 we were not permitted to forget the political sensitivity of oil. Following the Israeli raid on Entebbe and the confrontation between Uganda and Kenya, oil supplies to the former were restricted and the economy of the country teetered on the brink of collapse. The flames of conflict between Greece and Turkey were fanned when the Turks sent a ship into the Aegean Sea to prospect for oil. The American 'Project Independence', conceived after the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and designed to make the country relatively self-supporting in energy, was foundering. American oil imports were rising again, particularly from the Middle East. But the concept of 'Fortress America' was in the air. Most Americans wished to move as rapidly as possible towards self-sufficiency, particularly in energy; and the relative unpopularity of both candidates at the presidential election in November was attributable in part to their inability to appreciate this fact. As in 1975, Opec moderated its demands for increased oil prices during most of the year. But at the meeting of oil producers in Qatar last month another price rise was recommended, ostensibly to cover the impact of inflation on the goods which Opec must purchase from the industrialised countries.

Rake's Progress

Motorists continued their rake's progress during 1976. Vast amounts of precious oil reserves were squandered on the internal combustion engine; there was an almost masochistic delight in overgrazing the pasture. Car ownership did not plummet world-wide; large thirsty 'gas-guzzlers' – among the most wasteful machines on earth – continued to be produced in huge quantities particularly in the US. However, the automobile did not have it all its own way. In Britain during 1976 an 'anti-motorway campaign' spearheaded by John Tyme of Sheffield Polytechnic and backed by the Conservation Society, was launched and gained considerable press publicity. The campaigners arraigned the Department of the Environment and its road inspectorate for their secret and arcane manipulations – and for their singular reluctance to countenance any opposition to motorway development. They could equally well have challenged the whole concept of motorway construction on the basis of a planet which is finite, which is already in the twilight of the petroleum era and in which no substitute for the internal combustion engine is in sight.

There was a welcome, albeit belated, surge of interest in alternative energy sources during 1976. A number of countries, Britain among them, are currently reappraising their situation in relation to geothermal power. But, due to the relative paucity of geothermal fields at the global level, it is unlikely that this source of energy will become of major significance. The US, France, Federal Germany and Japan are investing heavily in solar energy with special reference to improving the design of solar cells and to the use of this form of power in the heating and cooling of buildings. Denmark, which in 1900 still had 100,000 windmills operating, is in the forefront of research in wind energy. During 1976 the UK Department of Energy gave its imprimatur to the study of wave power and will spend over £1m. on research and development in this area over the next two years. There is talk in several quarters of using hydrogen and methanol as alternative fuels. But the cost of these materials is prodigious and many technical problems remain to be solved before they can come into significantly widespread use.

Southern Africa moved to the centre of the political stage during 1976. The catalyst to strife was, of course, the continuation of

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Roger Woddis

Royal Disappointment

Our hearts leapt up when we were told
  The tale they now deny:
So all our loyal hopes are dashed,
The magic spent, the *Mail* abashed,
Though all the extra copies sold
  Are by the by.
The story they so boldly splashed
Is dead, and we may never see
The Prince consorting with Her Majesty.

We needed such a lift as this
  To cheer the weary hours
And turn our minds from horrid things
To honoured dads of future kings:
What superjubilaceous bliss
  Would then be ours!
Prince Albert made it, why not he
Who's done so much to sell the Monarchy?

We would not pressurise the Queen
  Or tell her what to do,
But humbly we do entreat
A sign to make our joy complete
By altering the might-have-been
  To what is true!
There would be dancing in the street
And fairy-tales for months ahead,
This year of circuses and cut-price bread!

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white supremacist regimes and in particular, the odious apartheid system operated by South Africa. But geopolitics in Southern Africa should not be forgotten, and in particular the richness of the area in terms of its natural resources. Angola has diamonds, iron ore, phosphate, sulphur and uranium; not to mention oil in the enclave of Cabinda. Namibia has rich uranium deposits and could in the foreseeable future become a major supplier for the British market. Rhodesia's mineral resources include copper, chrome, iron, tin, nickel, and gold. South Africa itself is a veritable granary in respect of minerals. She is the major world producer of gold and diamonds; she has rich stores of platinum, chromite, fluorspar and uranium oxide. All this gives her a pivotal position in the global economy.

But the transcendent feature of 1976 was undoubtedly nuclear proliferation at both civilian and military levels. Nuclear industries in the West are ailing and debilitated through lack of orders; the demand for electricity has fallen in the wake of the Yom Kippur War; thousands of megawatts are being chopped off national programmes. The developed world has responded dramatically to this threat and with a degree of recklessness almost unparalleled in human experience. A lucrative export market has been perceived to be a *sine qua non* for atomic reactors. So much so that the affluent nations have been prepared to treat the Third World like some game reserve without a closed season. The West is currently engaged in sowing the dragon's teeth; an eventual Nemesis seems certain.

1976 was a year of nuclear deals – between the US and Egypt, between the US and Israel, between Canada and Argentina, between Canada and South Korea, between Federal Germany and Brazil, between France and Iran, between France and Libya, between France and Pakistan and – most ominously of all – between France and South Africa. The group of developed nations constituting the London Club has held numerous clandestine meetings during 1976. The aims of the Club are to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, to bolster the ethos of the Non-Proliferation Treaty and to boost the sagging morale of the Vienna-based International Atomic Energy Association. The Club has had a very bad year indeed.

However – and fortunately – a mounting public concern about nuclear power emerged during 1976. People are no longer prepared to accept the soothing anodyne proffered by governments, agencies and industrialists proselytising for the 'peaceful atom'. Instead they are slowly but surely taking the matter into their own hands. There have been violent protests against the building of atomic reactors in various parts of the world. In January three highly placed officials in California resigned from the General Electric Company because of their profound disagreement with the 'forward' nuclear policy of that organisation. In June atomic policy in California was submitted to a referendum under the designation of 'Proposition 15'. The referendum resulted in a win for the nuclear Establishment. But the protesters garnered a reasonable proportion of the vote; referenda in other states of the Union were promised and the subject became contentious during the run-up to the presidential election in November. In Sweden in September a Government was toppled, probably partly on the nuclear issue. The hegemony of the Social Democrats was eroded after 44 years. A Centrist coalition headed by Thörbjorn Fälldin took office with a mandate to halt the spread of atomic reactors throughout Sweden.

After a period of apathy the nuclear issue flared again in Britain in 1976. The main point of controversy was whether the country should proceed with the construction of the fast breeder reactor and thus open the way to the so-called 'plutonium economy'. The Energy Secretary, Tony Benn – much to his credit – was determined that this vital topic should be the focus of wide-ranging public debate. The National Energy Conference, convened in June, was narrow in perspective, acrimonious in tone and fixated with pricing mechanisms for the various fuels. A newspaper dubbed it 'the great energy brawl' and the conference well merited this description. But the report of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution issued in September was a very different matter. Indeed it constituted one of the most welcome contributions to the nuclear debate for many years. The Commission highlighted the vulnerability of the plutonium economy to nuclear terrorism and sabotage; it emphasised the still unsolved problems of the storage and disposal of long lived radioactive wastes. It enjoined the Government to 'seek to lessen the possible future need for the dependence on fast breeder reactors'. Instead, it urged, the Government should search avidly for sources of energy other than that dependent on nuclear fission; and this should be coupled with imaginative programmes of energy conservation which could be put into operation immediately. In an article in *The Times* Lord Rothschild, formerly head of the Central Policy Review Staff, backed the Commission's report. 'The problems . . . which normally affect the people of this country are banal or Lilliputian in comparison with the Gulliver to be unleashed too quickly and without adequate thought for the consequences . . .' Also in regard to the employment provided by the nuclear industry (always cited as a major benefit by its proponents) Rothschild posed the evocative question . . . is it not 'better to make reactors . . . and put them on a desert island . . . than to build and run reactors before we know what we are doing, which is certainly the case in 1976 and will be for a number of years so far as the fast breeder is concerned?'

The Royal Commission's Report and Lord Rothschild's article are of considerable importance to those of us in Britain who oppose the nuclear power programme. No longer can we be dubbed as mere coruscating pamphleteers; no longer can we be depicted as cranks determined to hold up 'progress' at any costs. Instead it seems as though we are fast donning the mantle of respectability. Perhaps we should take comfort from item seven of Bertrand Russell's *Liberal Decalogue* which reminded us that every opinion now accepted was once eccentric.

Just how poisoned the chalice of nuclear fission could become was well illustrated in November when the dissident Soviet scientist Zhores Medvedev, now living in London, disclosed that in 1958 there had been an explosion of nuclear waste materials near the town of Blagoveshensk in the Urals. The nuclear waste 'was not buried very deep'. There was 'an explosion which poured radioactive dust and materials high up into the sky'. Medvedev stated that tens of thousands of people were affected, hundreds dying. American intelligence blamed the accident not on the explosion of atomic waste but on reactor failure. The extent of the disaster has never been admitted by the Soviet authorities. However, the area is still not open to foreigners.

In the 'State of the Planet 1975' I wrote 'no longer do the politics of affluence hold sway; instead we are being increasingly exposed to the politics of scarcity, and this will inevitably produce profound stresses both nationally and internationally'. This proved to be the case during 1976. The true crisis which the world faces – that of sustainability – has not yet been perceived at the official level. Governments are still chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of unfettered economic growth, and in a planet now increasingly recognised to be finite, such a policy has little or no overlap with reality. The words of John Stuart Mill echo prophetically over the years. Unlimited growth of population and wealth will cause the earth to lose 'a great portion of its pleasantness'. For the sake of posterity, population and wealth must be 'content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to it'.

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Profile: Roy Jenkins

The First Gentleman of Europe

A 42-year-old snapshot exists, faded now almost to sepia, of a crowd of boys and teachers gathered on the battlefield of Waterloo. It records a trip to Brussels and beyond, carefully saved-for and exhausting, organised by the history master at Abersychan in a depressed South Wales. In it, once pointed-out, the features of the young Roy Jenkins are recognisable. He returns this week as the first British President of the EEC and, if all goes well, (which is unlikely), as the First Gentleman of Europe.

The picture is a peculiarly revealing one for reasons other than the oddity of those boys being able to raise the scratch in that village at that time. Jenkins, for instance, does not remember its existence and does not possess a copy. Indeed for a supposedly arrogant and self-regarding man his collection of self-portraits with the great or, in important contexts, is remarkably thin. How different, shall we say, from his former Prime Minister Harold Wilson who unexpectedly, when power was imminent, produced for BBC *Panorama* the subsequently celebrated snapshot of himself outside Number 10 at the age of eight?

Analysts of these divergences might propose that Jenkins's attitude to self-propaganda shows a more extreme form of *hauteur*, asserting that the truly self-confident require no mementoes in association with others or even with events since, by inference, he is superior to both. Or it could be that he has more interesting things on his mind.

The snapshot's irony lies in that it should be Waterloo memorialised. This will particularly amuse the boys and girls snarling in Brussels, as lately they have been. Jenkins, like Wellington, will cut a dashing, witty and cool figure at any Ball before a battle. The irony rests in the fact that Wellington was saved at Waterloo by Blucher's Prussians. Jenkins's gravest difficulty will be in attacking Blucher's German descendants by invoking the aid of the French on the flank. As one of his colleagues in the new Commission puts it: 'Probably the first thing the new President should do is persuade the Russians to have troop movements along the German frontier just to touch the bastards up.'

The former Labour deputy leader, Chancellor and Home Secretary has no doubt that he faces a hard time; but at least he faces it fitter than he has seemed for two years. He has taken, to the amazement of friends who rightly see it as nothing but an incontrovertible sign of seriousness, quite often to taking a stroll (not, it should be emphasised, a run) before breakfast. He drinks no spirits only a little claret: he has lost at least a stone in weight. If he needs to say, as he does, that he is undertaking the most important task of his political life, he is certainly giving it concentrated attention, more than to anything since his underestimated work on race relations and his more arguable achievement as Chancellor.

Just as importantly, he appears to be quite without a sense of hurt or disappointment about the way the leadership struggle went in the Labour Party. Not quite convincingly, he puts his inability to become Prime Minister down to the Heath Victory in 1970. Had the election been delayed until the country could have enjoyed the fruits of his tough Budget and had Wilson then resigned quickly, of course, he would have fought for power and at that time in competition with so disastrous a minister as Callaghan he would have been bound to win. He does not take seriously the criticism offered by his friends that he committed a devastating error in resigning the deputy leadership over the Common Market referendum issue.

But the more astute of them have, in fact, a more damning criticism – that he threw his chance of being Prime Minister away not by resigning but by shrinking from the rebel's role. It was in March 1972, while he was still deputy leader, that he launched the series of speeches that were supposed to make him into a modern Joseph Chamberlain. The press was squared, the middle class was all prepared – but then at the first whiff of grapeshot Jenkins simply ran away. A flurry of newspaper headlines ('Jenkins Opens His Bid to Oust Wilson', 'New Leadership Bid by Jenkins') and the campaign was over before it had begun. To some even in his private court it was dismaying proof that he lacked not so much the killer instinct as any appetite for conflict at all.

In any case, all that is (or is it?) behind him now. The value of his past lies in its lessons for his confrontation with an almost bewildering set of strategic and tactical

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difficulties in the next four years. For an idealist, with a strong sense both of the romance and horrors of the European past, the prospect is chilling. On the lowest level he has to persuade his new Commissioners to deal with a well-heeled bureaucracy squabbling about trivia, dedicated, with some fine exceptions, to a pensionable inertia. At the next level he has to organise his new Commissioners, several of whom he didn't want, into roles that might diminish the increasing intransigence of the Germans. If, when he announces the new jobs for these gentlemen this week, it seems that the Germans have won, then the First Gentleman will have begun to lose.

On this level, too, a particular embarrassment will be the presence of former Labour cabinet colleagues as chairmen of committees dealing with issues troubling to Britain – to wit, the EEC agricultural and fisheries' policies. Of these issues the Common Agricultural Policy, is much the more serious for a Labour government since it strikes hard at many of the shibboleths Labour hopes to hang on by (as, indeed it does at the myths its enemies live by). There is bound to be a demand to devalue the 'green pound' and drive up food prices in Britain. The consequences of such a demand will be damaging. The mass of British people, if not the TUC leadership, will find this intolerable without substantial wage increases. And this the Government is constrained by the IMF from contemplating.

Third Force

One day those who, absurdly, believe that the UK is in the grip of the trade unions may begin to grasp vaguely through their anti-working-class prejudice that the TUC has betrayed its members by forcing a reduction in real wages. Similarly, those who believe that the Labour Party has drifted to the Left, like Roy Jenkins himself, may come to recognise how right-wing a government Britain has; and those who, like Jim Callaghan, are indifferent to both the EEC and, indeed, to Roy Jenkins, may present the new First Gentleman with an appeal to remember the social contract, an appeal which could place him in the first of a series of angry conflicts.

Although there is no evidence for this claim, it may be that Jenkins will see such a confrontation as the beginning of a political realignment in Britain designed to produce something nearer his own version of centrist politics. He was, after all, the first British cabinet minister – some seven years ago – to warn his colleagues of a 'taxation revolt' among working people. He was right. Labour is suffering from it already.

As if these tactical problems were not considerable, there remain the strategic questions and, as ever, the nuisance is that there is so little time for Jenkins to get the two in tandem. Some of his colleagues give him even as little as four weeks before he is swamped. If he is to recreate the dream of Europe as a real force in the world, moderating the imperial ambitions of the US, the Soviet Union and China, then he has to choose between measures of hope or a portrayal of the consequences of failure: in other words he may have to use the language of fear.

At the moment the federalist concept of Europe is neglected. Nations squabble among themselves, use Brussels for self-interested cases. The fact will become clearer in Roy Jenkins's first year in office that the troubles of EEC member states will increase, with the exception of Germany. Putting it briefly, the troubles of most countries are due to the economic aggrandisement, or the supposed efficiency, of the Federal Republic as expressed in private with absurd arrogance by its Chancellor. Were the German Chancellor and the US President to take a less selfish view of the Western economy, not be quite so obsessed about inflation, then the troubles of the UK, France and Italy might diminish. There is, therefore, a case for our First Gentleman primarily playing the hand of fear, of the threat of the collapse of democracy, the emergent red peril and so on. He has to make the French a Blucher to defeat the German Napoleon. Wellington's soldiers were in any event a motley crowd of allies. Jenkins at least has a more formidable group of social democrats at his shoulder – Giolitti, Cheysonn and Vredeling – than any of his unrecalled predecessors, even if the Germans he wanted were refused him by Chancellor Schmidt.

New Emotions

What, though, can we read into his political record and personal history that might suggest that he possesses both the audacity and the patience required? Of his patience and tactical skill there is no doubt. In confronting his own party, the Commons and Labour in the country over race relations, he exhibited a masterly, even noble, capacity to nullify prejudice, to achieve what he believed right in the face of serious odds. His command of the House will not matter much in future. His record as Chancellor is more troubling. He was tough in cabinet, his colleagues testify; he was cunning and ruthless even; he was successful. But his success was in orthodoxy where now, both within the EEC economy and in arguing with the US, he needs to win agreement for a financial unorthodoxy without which his dream is bound to fail.

In Brussels, and not only among the gathering crowd of Jenkins's satraps, there exists an almost desperate desire for boldness, for a demonstration of dramatic change at almost any cost of hurt to national self-interest. The scepticism among his former colleagues about such a prospect – although they speak of him now, as do ministers ever of the departed, with dewy-eyed fondness – is considerable. Roy, they suggest, doesn't really like trouble. Consider how he behaved on the ballot for the Premiership: he just gave up. Looked at from a different point of view, they could be wrong. Perhaps he was seeking a different constituency, and there could be something in that, since it does seem as if our First Gentleman may have changed in the past six months.

A sign, if it is any comfort to his friends in Brussels or, indeed to his enemies there or wherever, is – quite apart from his fitness and industriousness – his new ability to reveal that he is an emotional man. He has taken to speaking in public as he formerly only orated to friends: with passion. His hands tremble, as they did in the Commons when it mattered; he now will strike his chest in public as never before. The languidness of the voice has been replaced by an urgent tone, a slightly less tenor timbre. Moreover he has begun talking about Wales.

Welsh Pride

Nothing has so much bedevilled him as his Welsh childhood. How could a miner's son behave so; have such an accent; drink wine, even; not mix with the boys in the Commons bars? That another celebrated Eastern Valleys' MP, Aneurin Bevan, behaved in the same way was forgotten. For the future the past is, curiously, more interesting. Jenkins was always a privileged child. When he went to the local grammar school his ex-miner father was already the chairman of the school governors. The family were the lords of Pontypool. Thus, although Jenkins chose to write a biography of Asquith, his background was almost exactly that of David Lloyd George: the superior, petty bourgeois family in the village, with middle-class scholastic and political ambitions.

Still, he has now taken to referring to his Welsh origins and only a few weeks ago, for the first time since he left school, actually returned to Abersychan Grammar School, to general amazement. All this may mean nothing but a delight to be away from the House of Commons and into an exciting new life. Or could it mean that he detects movements in Europe that are on his side? He must, for example, have heard of the daft behaviour of his EEC predecessor, the French Ortoli, whenever any separatist movement in Europe was mentioned in his presence. The Bretons particularly would make M. Ortoli cross. The Welsh were next. The Scots, it is reported, he didn't bother too much about. But there are, as events may march, also the Basques and the Catalans and who knows which other peoples looking to a new, elected European Parliament rather than to antique centres of government like Westminster or Paris or Bonn or, one day, Madrid. Given that this reading is right then the First Gentleman could to some begin to look like the Prince over the Water.

In the meantime, for all this rehearsal of apparently insuperable troubles, he has much going for him. He believes in what he is doing and he is unusual in politics for doing what he believes in. He is also the first man in the past 20 years in Europe to have a chance of being more than a bureaucrat in the machine in Brussels. Faith in him there does exist. He is able to use a little muscle, from his administrative experience here, with ministers elsewhere, even in Britain. Chancellors and Presidents will at least be forced to meet him, if only to go to the opera. And what, it will be said at Westminster, has all this do to with jobs and houses and social services, and the serious stuff of politics – this urbane, elegant soul pursuing some dream faraway? But what will Westminster have to do with really serious politics soon?

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London Diary

☐ Eager to do my bit for Jubilee Year, I spent most of last Saturday watching the rerun of the Coronation on BBC-2 – and the morning at least held me riveted. We shall not, as they say, see its like again, or at least only if the Royal House is determined to commit hara-kiri. Despite the crowds in the streets, the centre of the pageant could hardly have more starkly demonstrated the basic isolation of the Crown from the People. Inside the Abbey it was the aristocracy's own benefit match, with barely a commoner in sight. Birth, breeding and pedigree governed everything. No doubt I shall be told that that was the secret of the whole occasion – a living proof, as it were, that when it comes to putting on a show as the Old Curiosity Shop of the world, Britain still has no rival anywhere. If I were chairman of the British Tourist Board, I suppose that kind of argument might tempt me to try the whole thing once more. But can the monarchy really expect to go on living in that kind of aspic? I can't believe it and would not be at all surprised to learn that within Buckingham Palace some of the smarter whizz-kids are already at work dreaming up ways in which next time there will be a grand procession of the TUC, a collective oath of allegiance by the CBI – to say nothing of devising some form of recognition that women in Britain in the 20th century have a role in the national life over and beyond appearing as bridesmaids and wearing dazzling diamonds in their hair.

☐ As the reward for his South African odyssey, Ivor Richard, our man at the UN (now, it seems, on almost permanent secondment), apparently hopes to obtain for himself the appointment of British Commissioner in any transitional government that eventually emerges in Salisbury. If the criterion for the job were the amount of effort put in to setting it up, he would obviously have as strong a claim as anyone. But is it? Would there not be a case for popping in someone who could be said to be starting with a clean slate? A move, I hear, is building up to press on Jim Callaghan the claims of one of the less reactionary Tory MPs in the Commons – Nigel Fisher. His own contacts with Africa – though now distant – go back to the time when he was, in the early 1960s, successively a minister at the Colonial Office (under Iain Macleod) and at the Commonwealth Relations Office (under Duncan Sandys): he is also – though this may not be a recommendation to the skinheads of Salisbury – the biographer of Macleod. Still, since one of our objectives must presumably be to dissaude Ian Smith from any idea that he can now start playing a divisive role in British politics, it's not a bad notion.

☐ For Londoners Charles Wintour's departure last week from the editorship of the *Evening Standard* marks almost the end of an era. When he took over the job in 1959 there were still three evening papers in London, no Thomson House stood in Gray's Inn Road and the *Standard* itself was only just emerging from being probably the most unscrupulous even of the Beaverbrook papers. In no time at all, however, Wintour succeeded in giving it a distinctive, civilised tone of its own – so much so that he was in 1966 a serious candidate to become editor of *The Times* (and might well have done so but for an unfortunate, irreverent paragraph about Roy Thomson that appeared at the crucial moment in the *Standard* gossip column). Instead he survived for nearly 18 years as a Beaverbrook editor – playing a typically sane and enlightened part in the recent bogus Fleet Street debate over the closed shop and even finding time to write a book of his own, *Pressures on the Press* (next to Francis Williams's *Dangerous Estate* probably the best book available on newspapers today). For my money, the *Standard* itself never quite recovered its earlier form once Jocelyn Stevens was allowed to get his molesting, merchandising fingers on it in the late 1960s; but it has remained a highly professional paper and one that, in a paradoxical way, even reflects credit on the late Lord Beaverbrook. For it was he who once told me: 'I never interfere in the *Standard* at all – I leave it all to Charles.' I didn't actually wholly believe him at the time but it struck me anyway as a good principle – and one that those who run Beaverbrook Newspapers today might well have heeded for a little longer.

☐ Woodrow Wyatt calling for nationalisation is too good to miss. His press conference at Tote House last week was an enjoyable occasion, with ample chance for his brand of showmanship. And the plan, too, seems watertight. Britain is almost the only racing country in the world where the bookmakers are allowed so large a say for such a small financial contribution. Almost all the turf world – not to mention the punters – are in favour of prising open the bookie's fist. The problem looks like being a political one. The last Royal Commission sat from 1949 to 1951 and legislation was finally introduced in 1960. As the editor of *Stud and Stable* remarked, bookies have a very well-organised lobby. And as somebody else unquotably said, there are 62 MPs who owe the bookies something for their retainers.

☐ When references to the Duke of Windsor were deleted from the cabinet papers for the early days of the war, the reflection necessarily rested primarily only on one individual. Now that the papers covering British policy towards Palestine in 1946 have been withdrawn wholesale from the latest batch to be released to the Public Record Office the shadow inevitably falls on the whole country. What the Government has in effect done is to enter a plea of *nolo contendere* to all the charges long hurled at Britain for its conduct during that entire episode. What is it that they are so anxious to hide? That Ernie Bevin, the then Foreign Secretary, was an anti-Semite? That surely could be news only to a few. That the British Government was fully prepared to renege on its Balfour Declaration commitment to 'a national home for the Jews'? That must surely be news only to Martians. No, what I suspect we are scared of is the revelation of the double-game we played at the time with King Abdullah of Jordan and the extent to which we could be held guilty of complicity in the eventual Arab attack after Partition. Poor old cabinet office – they'll be facing the same story in reverse when they get round in ten years' time to that other example of British perfidy in the Middle East, the Suez escapade of 1956.

☐ William Hardcastle was for ten years just about the most famous journalist in Britain – but he was the least intimidating of men and one of the great encouragers of young talent. I did not get to know him until his Fleet Street career was already behind him and he was well into his *World at One* stride – though even there he was the great stimulator of young radio reporters half his age. It's entirely appropriate, therefore, that a year after his death his friends should have got together and arranged for two William Hardcastle prizes (one for £75 and one for £50) to be awarded every year to young would-be journalists under the age of 18. The closing date for this year's entries is 31 January and manuscripts (on any subject but not exceeding 750 words) should be sent to The Editor, the *Northern Echo*, Darlington, Co. Durham. My fellow-judges and I hope to announce this year's winners before Easter – which, though a tight time-scale, is probably the kind of 'breathless' one of which Bill would have approved.

☐ I trust we shall not be accused of breaking the pay code but it has seemed to us for some time that the prizes we offer for 'This England' fall some way below the 'general level' of rewards available elsewhere. So from this issue – and taking our cue from the new Employment Protection Act – we have doubled the value of the book tokens offered. The same, of course, will apply to those other more far-flung entries (*This India, This New Zealand, This America* etc.): in the case of the last country mentioned that should with luck ensure that our US readers even by the end of 1977 will still be getting at least a dollar.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ And what a delightful sense of humour – on one occasion, in answer to his ring for me to look in from my small office adjoining his and saying 'Sir?' he quietly ordered 'Raise your fowling-piece and lay a game bird at my feet' meaning that he wished to see a member of our staff named Partridge! – Obit. in *The Times* (Marjorie Robinson)

☐ A British Legion steward, sacked for refusing to serve a member who did not stand for the National Anthem, has been reinstated after the explanation that Mr Billy Slim, 42, was unable to stand at Berwick British Legion Club because he was too drunk. – *Daily Telegraph* (N. M. Paterson)

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Robert Giddings

Not Getting It Regular

Some of us are still not getting it. Getting it regular that is. And this despite the fact that Harold Wilson was to be heard promising to do something about it during the run-up to the last election but one. We seemed to have been making some headway about it towards the end of the 1960s. We had a good campaign going for us then. Noises were made. Promises were undertaken. The talk eventually centred on a Bill which was to be put before the Commons. It became law in 1970. In some ways a landmark. In some ways a disappointment. And we're still not getting it.

I am referring to the 1970 Disabled Act. Oh yes, I know it widened some doors, and it made some ramps. It even compelled a register to be kept of all the names of the disabled persons in this country, *so there*, Some action *has* been taken. But we still have not had our pension. And this means that in most cases the luxury of disability has to be indulged in without regular financial aid from the state.

The cynics argue that all welfare legislation is based on this philosophy: claim that certain specified benefits are available in certain cases and for specified circumstances, to which entitlement may be claimed – and then make the actual categories so unlikely that very few will be able to satisfy the requirement claim. I would not like to think that our welfare system is based on such inhuman cunning. But when I saw in the newspapers some years back that certain categories of disabled persons would soon be entitled to claim to be issued with adapted motor-cars instead of those much publicised invalid carriages I was soon to learn how the system worked. My inquiry brought a very pleasant young man from the local offices of the Health Department. Oh yes, he agreed, there was to be a change of policy, and certain groups of disabled people would be able to have cars.

'What kinds of disabilities?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, thumbing through his documents, 'You have to be disabled and married to someone who is also disabled, or disabled and married to someone who is blind.' 'Ah well, in that case,' I said, wheeling myself to the door to show him out, 'you leave me with no alternative except to blind my wife.'

It was the same with the television. The 1970 Act suggested the clear possibility that in some cases considerable concessions were to be made available in the cost of television licences. Naturally, I telephoned the GPO and was soon put through to their resident expert. Oh yes, she agreed, there were concessions in certain cases. 'What kind of cases?' The reply, I must confess, briefly so surprised me that I could not immediately think of a comment, for she answered: 'We grant concessions for the blind.' 'The blind? At the risk of sounding unreasonable, what actually is the point of providing television for the blind?' 'There's no need to be like that sir,' she answered with great coolness, 'it may give amusement to other members of the family.'

From time to time it is possible personally to strike a blow for our side. I ran a personal campaign for months to get help towards having my yard and garage floor concreted. I had to go down a very steep ramp at the back door, across a sloping and unevenly paved yard and traverse an outbuilding with a flagstoned floor which had sunk. In a wheelchair this was quite an anabasis. It was a strain on me and a strain on the chair. The stress and strain on the chair is witnessed by the fact that in about five years it had broken – several times with me in it – over 40 times. Several times I had actually come out of the chair. Once I thought I'd really got somewhere when I fell out and my wife had to rush over to the local to get help to pick me up. One of the willing was actually on the council. But still my pleas for a grant failed to find the right ears. Finally a charity agreed to pay half the costs if another authority would cough up the other half. A letter to the health department brought quite a high-ranking official to size up the situation. He was not very optimistic. A recent wheelchair break-down occasioned my use of a spare chair so I was able to say to him: 'Look – there's a wheelchair – you get in it and you do what I have to do every time I leave this house. And remember, you do it as a fit man with two good arms and a strong back.' I watched him with curious detachment as he disappeared out my back door and hot down the ramp. Some minutes later he came back, on foot, wheeling the empty chair, white-faced, a sadder but a wiser man. 'You're right,' was his only comment. I got my grant.

On the other hand, the Establishment expects to get its money's worth out of you. I was called up. This was in the 1950s, of course, during that time when we were all having it so good. I wrote back to the War Office and told them I'd been disabled since childhood. No effect. I was told to fill in the forms. So I sent them my green certificate of disablement. This was acknowledged. Then another, vaguely threatening, request to fill in the conscription forms. Well, I thought, Queen and country and all that. I'd always liked the sea. And on the other hand, I thought, the air is really going to be the modern theatre of war, so I said I'd like to join the Fleet Air Arm.

Then came a request to attend the Royal Marines depot for my medical. It was raining as I pulled up outside in my three-wheeler. 'What do you want son?' asked the uniformed man in the sentry-box. 'I've come for a medical,' I said, scarcely able

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The Disability Alliance (representing 45 organisations, including the Spastics Society, Age Concern, MIND and the Royal National Institute for the Deaf) announces a new rights handbook and pamphlets to put everyone in the picture about the practical needs and rights of disabled people.

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The price for each of the following publications is 50p (or 25p for a disabled person).

	Numbers required: Nondisabled	Disabled
The Disability Rights Handbook for 1977 — A Guide to Income Benefits and Certain Aids and Services for Handicapped People.		
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No. 1 **Poverty and Disability:** The Case for a Comprehensive Income Scheme for All Disabled People.		
No. 2 **The Financial Needs of Disabled Children**—Jonathan Bradshaw.		
No. 3 **The Incomes of the Blind:** A Review of the Occupational and Financial Problems of Blind People of All Ages — Fred Reid.		
No. 4 **The Poor in Hospital:** A Study of the Incomes of People Living in Long-Stay Hospitals and Residential Homes — Ann Shearer.		
No. 5 **The Price of Deafness:** A Review of the Financial and Employment Problems of the Deaf and Hard of Hearing — Irene Loach, introduction by Jack Ashley.		

Bulk orders of 20 or more copies of each particular title can be obtained half price (and for organisations concerned with disabled people at half the special rate in this advertisement). This coupon must be sent with postal order or cheque (adding 10p for postage for an order for one copy of one publication and an additional 5p for **each** further item) to:

Publications, The Disability Alliance, 96 Portland Place, London W1.

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to hide my pride. 'I'll go and get somebody,' the sentry said, and leaving his box, rendering the whole barracks open to attack, he disappeared inside. A few minutes later a youngish doctor, complete with white coat, came and stood in the doorway. He looked at me through the rain. And then without stepping out he said pleasantly: 'Don't worry. I'll sign you as exempt from service.' In a way I was quite disappointed, as I had got quite enthusiastic by then.

And yet, we really do play an important part in the happy functioning of society. A year or so ago I was involved in an odd incident which demonstrates this rather well and which even reached the *World at One* and the pages of the *Guardian*. I was refused petrol at Christmas-time (of all good seasons of the year) because other 'real' motorists had to be served. I was clearly first in the queue and yet the pump attendant deliberately served the other customers first. When I asked him if he wanted my custom he replied: 'Not particularly.' I was advised to take it up with the petrol company under whose franchise this service station operated. An interesting correspondence followed. The Motor Agents Association gave me a free guide book to garages in Britain and Shell and BP investigated the incident. They eventually wrote to say that there were staffing difficulties at this garage but that in any case it should be pointed out that the oil crisis and the state of the motor trade was giving service stations a bad time.

So there you are. We *do* serve a useful purpose. It may well be wondered if there are enough cripples to go round. More may well be needed, and the Government should see that they are officially recruited, so that garages and motor agencies are able to enjoy the necessary therapeutic value of a regular supply of disabled drivers. It could almost be done on a commercial basis: 'Are your staff dull, listless and grumpy? Are you suffering from Motor-Trade Blues? Is the Oil Sheikh-Up too much for you to bear? Then you need *Rentacripple* . . .'

The bald are beginning to get narked at being called 'Kojak'. Remember, we have been called Ironsides for years. If I am out and about in town often old ladies stop and give me sweets (I don't know how they resist the temptation to pat me on the head as well). When in company with my wife I have noticed the tendency to address remarks to her – 'How much sugar does he take?' or 'Surely he isn't going out in this weather?' Shop assistants sometimes shout at me as if I am deaf. Or speak very slowly as if I'm daft and might not understand what is being said to me. Or there's the endless jokes about whether you've got your driving test, or 'you want to get an engine fixed on that . . .' If you manage to keep reasonably cheerful, to do a day's work, run a family etc. they'll say 'They're marvellous people mind, I don't know how they do it. Always so cheerful . . .' But if you suggest that things are, well, maybe not all that they should be, and that the disability pension for all the disabled as of right should be considered, they'll say 'that's the trouble with these cripples, they're always bloody *moaning* . . .'

A pension would not be a cure. It might well be a palliative.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Happy New Year

So basically buoyant and hopeful is the human spirit that one can never believe that the year to come will be even more ghastly than the one just endured but I dare say that 1977 will turn up trumps and achieve it comfortably: and then only seven more years to go to 1984. The recollection of the various quaint episodes that have gone, day by day, to make up the warp and woof of life are all stocked away on memory's groaning shelves but seldom, in my case, under the correct year. What happened when? It's all rather a blur. Was it last year or earlier that Mrs Thatcher, prudently placing two tins of Marie-Elisabeth sardines in her store cupboard, was accused of hoarding and photographed, registering sweet defiance, by the press? Really, the cheek of such interference! If I wish to fill my entire house with cartons of instant blancmange, why on earth shouldn't I?

Certain happenings can, anyhow, be safely put down to 1976, for example one's realisation of the really enormous size of Mr Carter's teeth, looming alarmingly out at one as he bared them in smile after toothy smile and never more so than when hugging that animated old mother, 'Miss Lilian', sporting her loyal T-shirt and gabbling uninhibitedly into microphones. Then there was that moment when the whole of Kent was put at panic stations over the sex of their hops, the EEC disapproving of English *male* hops but approving (ah, these lascivious foreigners!) of the female ones. And what countless further worries there have been: Princess Anne tumbling off horses, Lonrho, streakers rushing to and fro, and Jack Jones getting ratty about Ascot. The thickest of veils must be drawn over our really ludicrously inept and feeble showing in the Olympic Games, an expensive undertaking which revealed the British genius for losing everything but the final battle in wars at its brilliant best. The Games are not, yet, war and so we failed almost all along the line. There was, need one ask, a 'welcome back' and 'hard luck' lunch for the competitors (paid for, without reference, by us, of course), not exactly the best way of ensuring more stout-hearted and successful performances in future. There was an argument here for the stocks and a good pelting with turnips.

Prominent personalities haven't come off so awfully well in 1976. There was that interminable gasbag, J. Stonehouse, deciding to exit into oblivion without preserving one single crumb of dignity and in so doing costing the country a hefty sum of money in legal refreshments or whatnots. There was the final flourish from the peer-maker H. Wilson, completing over a hundred ennoblements (at least one of them, involving as they do the word 'noble', proving pretty rough going) with the rummest imaginable collection of eyebrow-raising names, all jumbled together as haphazardly as in a game of Consequences. What a lark if we could have the Wilson ton-up lords all assembled together in a breath-taking snap, a weird phantasmagoria of humanity. There was the merciless hounding of poor J. Thorpe, a wretched happening which showed both journalists and the papers they serve at their repellent worst. There were those Wimbledon ladies squabbling unattractively about what money their moist activities were going to bring in. But never mind, there was Mary Wilson to restore calm, not this time with a restful poem ('Holidays are jolly days and when my toil is o'er. . .') but with the stupefying information that the door of No 10 gets opened 942 times a day, presumably to let out the hot air.

In the world of the arts there have been glum faces, and not only about that pile of bricks at the Tate. It is becoming increasingly clear that the National Theatre is a national fiasco on a really elaborate scale, difficult of access, unlovely to look at, mechanically unreliable and so appallingly expensive that in the end, and the end is pretty near, it will prove impossible to run. As a boy at school, I used to think how odd it was that when royalty kindly came to visit us they always 'opened' something. There were so many buildings that could more profitably have been 'closed'. Perhaps, quite soon, Her Majesty could be persuaded to close the National Theatre and we can then go back to what has always been the best solution, if we have to do the thing in triplicate – a combination of three ready-made theatres, Drury Lane for the big productions, the Fortune (hard by) for the small, and the Old Vic, three theatres with traditions and atmosphere and charm and accustomed to making profits. It is fashionable to despise theatres with prosceniums but attendance at Chichester's open stage has never persuaded me that there is anything to be gained, dramatically or artistically, by sitting in a side seat and spending the evening gazing bemused at Lady Macbeth's bum.

What else in 1976? Everybody got very agitated about asbestos. Think-tanks thought, but at what expense and with what profitable results? News of Concorde disappeared entirely. We are no longer told, perhaps wisely, whether it is still flying, and in what numbers or how many have been bought by other countries. We are no longer coaxed to fly to Bahrain at exorbitant cost and munch palm-hearts en route ('Supersonic travel is so relaxing'). Not a happy year, but at least there has been one bit of cheering news. Women are now allowed to join the Fire Brigade but must have a bust measurement of 36 inches. I have to confess that I'm a bit vague about busts. Is 36 inches good news or bad?

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Letters to the Editor

Labour and Lorries

Sir, It would be tempting to answer C. H. Sharp's simplistic argument (NS 3 December) in favour of road transport by asking whether, if the life of a single child killed by the juggernauts of road freight traffic could be spared, this would not justify all the deficits incurred by British Railways, and more. But this is just one of several arguments that can and must be brought to bear against his mode of thinking.

There is a grain of truth in Mr Sharp's contention that 'diesel locomotives running on steel rails are neither more nor less socialist than diesel lorries operating on roadways'. In fact, Mr Sharp's whole argument is based on a transport economy which relies on an unbridled exploitation of oil as the chief fuel. One oil crisis has failed to convince transport economists in the Western capitalist world that this exploitation cannot continue forever, and one rather doubts whether even the next one will. It has, however, been accepted by countries which have reached a lower technological level, such as China, which has resisted a headlong rush into dieselisation and retained the steam locomotive as the chief source of motive power, labour and coal being cheap and plentiful. The Chinese railway system is, by all accounts, doing an excellent job.

A return to steam traction in Western countries would of course be nonsensical, but a conclusion will nevertheless have to be drawn from the realisation that the world's resources of oil are limited, and may very well, at the present rate of exploitation, be expended within the foreseeable future. If this valuable resource is to be preserved for future generations, this expenditure must be curbed, as scientists have realised, and great importance must be attached to developing alternative sources of energy. In the transport sector, such an alternative is fortunately already to hand. Electric traction is clean, efficient and more economical – at least in traction cost per ton moved – than diesel traction. This has long been obvious in a country like Norway with its vast hydro-electrical resources. As oil becomes increasingly dearer and scarcer it will become obvious in countries now depending on diesel traction – whether on road or on rail – as well.

As Mr Sharp correctly observes, the British railway system was largely developed in the last century. This is a great advantage, as it means that there is at hand a laboriously and extensively developed system of transport arteries, which by its very nature is well adapted to carrying a vast flow of industrial transport. Not so the road. As lorries become progressively larger and heavier, new roads have to be built and old ones strengthened and extended. And at what cost? Apart from the financial outlay, there is despoliation of the countryside, vandalisation of valuable architectural environments, and to those living nearby ever increasing noise, pollution and fear for their own lives as well as those of their children. As opposed to this, rail transport offers a clean, efficient and safe method of transportation, for goods as well as people, over an extant system of traffic arteries. One would think supporting this mode of transport might be more in accordance with socialist politics than Mr Sharp's argument of letting industry use whatever transport system they find cheapest, and therefore most convenient, at the ultimate expense of ordinary people. But then, of course, these are arguments which do not fit conveniently into Mr Sharp's tidy little sums. In fact, part of British Railways' – and other railway systems' – current poor state of competition with road transport stems from their having been run according to the views of transport economists – people who have, time and again, proven themselves unable to see any further than the ends of their slide rules. It is part of the socialist responsibility to see to it that they are no longer allowed to have the upper hand in the shaping of transport policies.

TROND B. HANSEN

Kringsjå Studby
Oslo 8
Norway

Ganging Up

Sir, I've read some extraordinary things in the NEW STATESMAN in my time, but nothing to beat Ian Mikardo's 'The Gap in the Fence' (NS 24 and 31 December). He equates with the Anglo-Franco-Russian and German imperialisms of 1914 ('a common enemy') the Palestinians fighting to return to their homeland, and expresses the hope that the Palestinians may be crushed – by the Syrians presumably, once his enemy number one. If his last sentence means anything, it must mean this.

The Palestinians are seen by the Arab ruling classes of the Middle East as a dangerous revolutionary element. And Ian Mikardo, who used, God forgive him, to tell us that Israel was a léaven of social revolution in the Middle East, now lines up with these Arab ruling classes against the Palestinians. This is indeed a moment of truth.

BRIAN PEARCE

42 Victoria Road
New Barnet
Herts.

Aims for What?

Sir, We are puzzled by Mr G. A. Cohen's letter in your last issue on our advertisement which quoted Adolf Hitler as stating that 'basically National Socialism and Marxism are the same'. For a philosopher Mr Cohen seems rather obtuse about logic.

Is he saying that Hitler was lying in his statement? This seems to be unlikely because it is very much in keeping with Hitler's political approach. One only has to read his account of his table talk during the war to see that he was determined to introduce his form of economic socialism when it was over. In fact some time ago Aims published an economic statement of his in *The Times* (without giving his name) and offered a prize to the reader who correctly named the author. There were one or two who were right – but top of the list was Mr Wedgwood Benn, who was most nominated.

The advertisement was not just a tease. It is surely of interest that Marxism should provide an intellectual impetus to both National Socialism and Communism. This ought to make democratic socialists who believe they can lie down with the Marxists rather uneasy.

MICHAEL IVENS
Director

Aims for Freedom and Enterprise
5 Plough Place
Fetter Lane
London EC4

Areopagitica

Sir, The advertisement you carry in your Christmas and New Year double issue from the Director of Information, South African Embassy, is a welcome sign of increasing concern in South Africa about that country's image abroad. I am not qualified to discuss the South African prison system, but I can comment from experience about the South African system of seeking to prevent their citizens from reading English-language books that are fully available in all other parts of the world with which South Africa wants to be associated.

No country in the world bans more books than does South Africa. I do not claim that a book is as important as a person, but I believe that a country's attitude towards books is no bad guide to its attitude towards people, and, as I have pointed out before, South Africa's illiberal policy towards books makes it very difficult for those who have friends and relations there, and who find much even to admire in the South African way of life, to speak in that country's defence.

Would the Director of Information care to nominate an expert (mutually acceptable to his government and to the Publishers Association or the Society of Authors, for example) to conduct a free and open inquiry into South Africa's policy towards books?

JEFFREY SIMMONS

W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd
44 Hill Street
London W1

The Bulgarian Horrors

Sir, As a Bulgarian by birth and upbringing I wish to thank your A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 3 December) not only for remembering the one hundredth anniversary of the Bulgarian Horrors, but also for pointing out unmistakably that the Bulgarians were at the receiving end and not the perpetrators of these horrors, as it is often believed in the West.

Nevertheless I must disagree with his statement that the war of Russia against Turkey in 1877 was fought for purely altruistic motives. This was the official view in both Tsarist Russian and Tsarist Bulgaria. It was not accepted by the progressive Russian intelligentsia at the time of the war. From literature published at the time and available to me in the Thirties it appears that they considered it an imperialist war. The Bulgarian Horrors offered the Tsar an excellent opportunity for intervention and realisation of one of Russia's imperialist dreams – the control of the Straits. It had to be presented to the people as a war for liberation of the brotherly Bulgarian people from the infidel Turks. This is also the view which prevailed in Bulgarian progressive circles between the wars.

BORIS KALCEV

1 Tyrone Drive
Bamford, Rochdale

Taken in Vain

Sir, I must thank you for publishing my letter (NS 17 December) offering copies of James Kirkup's poem 'The Love That Dares To Speak Its Name' for which Mary Whitehouse is prosecuting *Gay News* for blasphemous libel. I must, however, question the other items on the same subject in the same issue. A. J. P. Taylor says he thought that 'blasphemy had long ceased to exist as a legal offence'; Mark Boxer states that prosecutions for blasphemy are 'extremely rare', and even suggests that his was the only case between Shelley and *Gay News.* Apart from the fact that Shelley, like Boxer, was not prosecuted but merely expelled from university for publishing *The Necessity of Atheism* in 1811 (though he lost the custody of his children for the same reason in 1817), the blasphemy law has never lapsed and blasphemy cases have never ceased.

Nearly all the statutes covering blasphemy

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have indeed been repealed in recent years, but the common law offence of blasphemous libel, which was developed by judges in a series of cases from John Taylor in 1676 to J. W. Gott in 1922, remains in force. As well as many obscure prosecutions down the centuries, there have also been several famous trials for blasphemy – James Naylor in 1656, Thomas Woolston in 1728, Peter Annet in 1763, Thomas Williams in 1797, Daniel Eaton in 1812, William Hone in 1817, Richard Carlile and his followers from 1819 onwards, Robert Taylor in 1827 and 1831, James Watson in 1833, Henry Hetherington in 1841, Charles Southwell and G. J. Holyoake in 1842, Charles Bradlaugh and G. W. Foote in 1883. Indeed the deliberate defiance of the blasphemy law by such speakers, writers and publishers was one of the main planks in the structure of freedom of speech on which we still stand.

Yet during the early years of the present century there still used to be at least one blasphemy case a year, and what seems to have been the last successful prosecution – in 1921 – was Gott's fourth conviction. Even this was by no means the last case, for there were several unsuccessful prosecutions during the following half-century, the latest being Lady Birdwood's private action against the play *Council of Love* in 1971. (The case recalled by A. J. P. Taylor sounds like that of Len Ebury in 1941, when he was not imprisoned but fined, and not for blasphemy as such but for breaking the Hyde Park regulations.) And now Mary Whitehouse has shown that the struggle is still not over . . .

NICOLAS WALTER

134 Northumberland Road
Harrow
Middlesex

On Your Tod

Sir, I should be grateful for an opportunity to correct some rather serious distortions that appeared in Russell Davies's review of my book *Single Blessedness* (NS 22 October). An initial blunder is his attributing ideas and experiences of being single exclusively to me instead of acknowledging that they derived also from indepth interviews with 36 single women and men who are quoted at length by name *passim.* This preoccupation has resulted in the erroneous identification of singleness with middle-aged feminine academia, despite the fact that my respondents' ages ranged from 23 to 60-plus and that only one woman and one man were from university settings.

The inaccurate handling of facts has generated an equally slipshod interpretation of major themes, as illustrated by the statement that 'the author is a person a good deal less free from life-supporting orthodoxies than she thinks'. In point of fact a basic premise of my argument, consistently emphasised and copiously illustrated, is that the single status is viable only when it is reinforced by a network of supportive relationships to replace the reciprocal bonds provided by marriage.

Equally deceptive are Russell Davies's remarks on the treatment of sexuality, in particular his imputation of my hearty support for masturbation, which topic occupies 26 *lines* out of 219 *pages.* Accurate presentation is also sacrificed to effect when he indulges in speculations on my own sexual attitudes and experience instead of commenting on the views and experiences explicitly expressed by a number of the people I interviewed. Furthermore he fails to indicate that my 'perspective of sensible proportion' towards sex is not a hit at this valuable mode of personal interchange but at its gross social inflation for corrupt exploitative ends.

Lastly the suggestion that being single necessarily breeds self-centredness demands a rebuttal on two counts. First this premise is challenged by the variety and satisfying character of interpersonal relationships reported by almost all the single people I encountered. Secondly coming from this reviewer it is extremely suspect since he has exhibited this trait to a nice degree by utilising the public forum of literary review to ventilate highly subjective opinions instead of providing NS readers with an objective appraisal of the book. If this exemplifies what he terms marriage's 'provision of an escape from one's own self-centredness' then my book has even more timely relevance than I had thought.

MARGARET ADAMS

4 Middle Rank
Bradford-on-Avon
Wiltshire

The Loved One

Sir, On page 48 of his biography of Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes writes: 'It must be said that at this period Evelyn entered an extreme homosexual phase. Names and details need not and should not be given.'

My researches have shown that this period lasted far longer than Mr Sykes evidently knows and had a far greater influence, indeed a paramount influence, on Evelyn Waugh throughout his entire life. The attempted suppression of this tendency caused not only his bitterness and rudeness but was also responsible for drunkenness verging on dipsomania.

As a result of my researches I have been commissioned to write *Evelyn Waugh: The Gay Years,* and I would be greatly obliged if anyone who has any reminiscences or letters which lighten this dark corner could write to me. All material will be carefully copied and returned. Naturally, where requested, acknowledgement will be given and confidences will be honoured. My book will be ready for publication, with many hitherto unpublished photographs, in the spring of 1978.

TELFORD GOSLING-SPRATT

Apt 6A
1049 Park Avenue
New York

Alive and Kicking

Sir, Alas, the local postman sometimes seems to suffer from the same illusion as Andrew Saint (NS 3 December) and so the press cutting containing his infamous assertion '. . . Kilroy the Old Vic is no more . . .' has only just come our way.

Sir, Lilian Baylis is zooming in her grave. The thousands who are currently enjoying *Play Away* twice daily and *The Ghost Train* once nightly must be surprised to learn they watch it without benefit of walls or roof.

Admittedly, the last paragraph does, somewhat obscurely, contradict the earlier misstatement. But, although most people watch a play to the end, many never get to the end of every written piece. Please, therefore, publish this tardy refutation so those who boldly resolve to get beyond the *cordon sanitaire* are not daunted by the very medium which urges them to take more interest in its durable antiquity and thus bring about its prematurely lamented demise.

MOLLY SOLE
Clerk to the Governors

Old Vic Theatre
Waterloo Road
London SE1

Labour Challenges the Jury

Sir, I would like to express my full support for everything that Geoff Robertson said in his excellent article on the new Criminal Law Bill (NS 10 December). Should the Bill become law, the effect on clients of Law Centres would be disastrous. It is my firm opinion that repressive magistrates' courts create repressive police forces, because the police know they can get away with a great deal of bad behaviour.

Since there are far too many repressive magistrates courts, this is, in effect, a Bill giving 'carte blanche' to the police to misbehave, and escape trial by jury. As an example, it is my firm belief that the police sometimes opt for a S.51 Assault, rather than the more serious charge of Actual Bodily Harm, because they know they are more likely to secure a conviction in the magistrates' court. I would appeal to all Labour MPs to throw out one of the most repressive pieces of legislation since the 1971 Industrial Relations Act.

P. D. KANDLER

100 Lancaster Road
London W11

Founding Father

Sir, I am working on a biography of the late C. Rajagopalachari, last Governor-General of India, 1948-50, and close colleague of Mahatma Gandhi, and would be grateful for any facts and copies of letters.

Any information from the relatives of the late Dr Monica Felton would be of particular value. Spending six or so years in Madras, where Mr Rajagopalachari lived, she wrote a book about him, *I meet Rajaji* (Macmillan, 1962), and saw him frequently.

RAJMOHAN GANDHI

Kalki Gardens
Chetput
Madras, India

Taking a Break

Sir, What makes A. J. P. Taylor think that 'married men, being glued to their television sets, beat their wives less than they did?' I beat my wife during the commercial-break. When does he beat his?

CHAIM BERMANT

16 Hill Rise
Hampstead Garden Suburb
London NW11

Commonsense and Cheerfulness

Sir, May I assure C. H. Rolph that here is one who has not returned to 'the old treadmill' of sending Christmas cards. But I always write a letter to those who send me a card, hoping that they will respond likewise, because I believe that a regular correspondence is the test of a distant friendship.

HARRY EDWARDS

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Grange Road
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

E. J. Hobsbawm

La Fille du Régiment

Eleanor Marx Vol. II: The Crowded Years 1884-1898 by YVONNE KAPP *Lawrence & Wishart* £12.00

History rarely bothers about the children of famous men, barely visible in the darkness of their parental shadows. How many of us could, without reference books, say how many children, if any, had Bismarck or Garibaldi, Goethe or Hegel, Verdi or Darwin as father, let alone what became of them? More often than not, they are even unluckier than the spouses of the great, who are remembered mainly as appendages to them, but whose existence cannot be actually overlooked.

Eleanor Marx's suicide has saved her from this common oblivion at the cost of plunging her into the historical agony column. The irresistible combination of villainy, betrayal, love, death and a headline-making parent, have got her into fiction and television. Even her earlier biographer, Professor Tsuzuki (1967) still saw her life mainly in terms of Victorian melodrama. For 14 years she had tried to save her common-law husband, the miserable Aveling, but when he abandoned her brutally, having secretly married a young actress, she realised that she had failed. He 'engineered' her death, he suggests, by planning a joint suicide and then failing to keep his part of the bargain. It was only just that he barely outlived her for a few months, amid general revulsion.

Not the least of the merits of Yvonne Kapp's magnificent and definitive *Eleanor Marx*, one of the major biographies of our generation, is to make us see her life in terms other than those of a *succès de scandale*. Stage drama, it is true, is curiously intertwined with her short life. She had trained for the stage, translated Ibsen, and must have been the first (amateur) Nora in British theatrical history. Havelock Ellis asked her to edit a play for his Mermaid Series. Aveling, always hoping to make his fortune as a dramatist, was one of those familiar figures on the fringes of theatre, ever seducing aspiring actresses and trying to borrow money from established ones, as from everyone else. In a sense, he finally made it to the West End, since Shaw wrote him into *The Doctor's Dilemma* as the amoral and ambiguous artist Dubedat.

Yet, though the labour and socialist movement reacted to her suicide like a Victorian stage audience – naturally enough, given the universal admiration for the heroine, the richly deserved suspicion of the villain – Eleanor's death, as Yvonne Kapp shows, was not simply the climax of a melodrama, nor her life the mere prologue to her post-mortem. Her story is more complex, interesting and important than merely that of an unsatisfactory marriage.

Even if she had not been her father's daughter, we should probably still be interested in her. She was, after all, the most prominent British woman socialist militant of her time, if we omit Annie Besant's brief trajectory through this as through several other ideologies. She was also the pioneer translator of Flaubert, though not an exceptionally good one. Yet she was neither a Rosa Luxemburg nor a Beatrice Webb. In many ways, as Yvonne Kapp points out, she was typical of 'that great army of anonymous men and women who, over the generations, without recognition or reward, have given their voluntary services to end the exploitation of man by man', though more intelligent and articulate than most.

Moreover, her life was typical not only of the early labour activists, but of the first generation of intelligent, emancipated women earning their own living, the Shavian 'new women', writing, lecturing, setting up as 'typewriters' and encountering one another and their future, often rather unsatisfactory, mates at progressive meetings, Ibsen readings and round the British Museum, and naturally drawn to the Left. (She always kept a soft spot for the Fabians as people, though contemptuous of their politics.) She would probably have become a socialist even had she not been called Marx. Yet she was more than a typical figure and she was called Marx.

Her father, adored but overpowering, who recognised himself in her ('Tussy is me'), determined her life and her specific kind of socialism. His death alone had allowed her to live as a woman, but left her alone, to seek another father in Frederick Engels, the old 'General', to cling to the dispersed shreds of her family and the elderly Germans who recalled her childhood. Her personal tragedy was that Aveling, though he gave her much – Yvonne Kapp is very fair to him – could give her neither love nor children; that the old 'General' was alienated by one of those women about the house on whom he was so dependent; that the family was far away and the elderly Germans died.

In her final crisis the only one who remained and in whom she confided was her half-brother Freddie Demuth, himself a symbol of rejection and injustice: Karl's illegitimate son, sent away to become a proletarian, never accepted by Engels, abandoned by his own wife. Among the deepest of the wounds of her last years was Engels's deathbed revelation that not he but Marx was Freddie's father. In a sense her intimacy with him, like her deliberate identification with the Jewishness which Marx had always refused, was typical of her life. It was both a rebellion against and an identification with her father, as well as an identification with the victims of society.

Yet as this biography shows convincingly, private grief alone would hardly have driven this confident, gay and resilient creature to suicide. If love for her father was one great moving force in her life, zeal for his cause was the other. That is why the crisis of British socialism in the middle 1890s is a crucial element in Eleanor's life. It left her, Yvonne Kapp suggests, not merely personally alone and deprived of Engels's political guidance, but politically unwanted.

For a few years of hope and achievement after 1889 Eleanor found her place in history, a central figure in the apparently triumphant advance of labour. Looking back we can see just how central she and Aveling were: for with all his unremitting lechery and sponging he never ceased to be an able and devoted socialist militant. Alone among middle-class socialists they were both at the centre of the 'new unionism' – Eleanor topped the poll for the Executive of the Gasworkers' Union – and the movement for an independent labour party.

No longer confined to the miserable sects of the 1880s, the movement now seemed to belong to the workers and she to them. Perhaps the most eloquent part of Yvonne Kapp's book places her physically and emotionally in the gaunt setting of Silvertown, of whose strikers she became the voice. Perhaps the most impressive tribute to 'her heart and spirit, her laugh and infinite grace' comes from the most unexpected source she quotes, the professional strike-breaker William Collison.

What gave her hope was not simply the prisoners of want arising, but the prospect that they would sweep away the conservatism of the old unions, the petty feuding of sects, the doctrinaire extremism of lonely minorities and the superciliousness of middle-class Fabians, to form a massive class party, the necessary foundation for a mass socialist party. But by the mid-Nineties the 'new unions' were temporarily in flight, and it seemed that the ILP would not be the nucleus of a mass party but only another, if larger, socialist sect with a taste for a chapel rather than a quasi-marxist type of rhetoric. For want of anything better the Avelings returned to Hyndman's SDF, about whose relentless sectarianism they had no illusions. Eleanor had resigned from the Gasworkers' Executive. Engels was dead and she knew herself to be no General. Even her comrade Bernstein was now abandoning Marx. for the Fabians.

Norman MacCaig

In Memoriam

On that stormy night
a top branch broke off
on the biggest tree in my garden.

It's still up there. Though its leaves
are withered black among the green
the living branches
won't let it fall.

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A few years earlier she might perhaps have survived the doubly wounding end of what had, after all, been a stable partnership: Aveling married and, though seriously ill, refused her care. Under the circumstances, Yvonne Kapp argues, it was the last straw: both her work and her love seemed hopeless.

Nobody can know for certain what drove a person to suicide almost 80 years ago. So there is room for argument about Yvonne Kapp's interpretation, though her empathy, psychological acumen and first-hand knowledge of what moves profoundly *political* people, give it both plausibility and authority. However, there is no room for argument about the mastery of her achievement.

She possesses the three major qualifications of the biographer: exact, unmystifiable scholarship, a clever and loving eye, and a knowledge of the world. Moreover, she writes with enormous, unrhetorical, skill, style and wit: there have been few better hands with a footnote since Gibbon. Her two volumes sum up two lives devoted to labour, Eleanor Marx's and the mature experience of the writer's own. This is not *a* book in an author's *oeuvre*, but *the* book for which a long lifetime has prepared her, and which has been shaped by it. Such books do not always come off. This one has. It will survive our generation.

John Carey

Sex and Violence

The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury edited by J. M. Shuttleworth *Oxford* £8.00

Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1582-1648), the first English deist, wrote his memoirs for the benefit of his descendants who, he reckoned, having temperaments like his own, might run into similar difficulties. The motive was characteristic: with Lord Herbert, family counted for much. To judge from the *Life*, the hazards most likely to have dogged his progeny were brawls and women; and it ranks among the most appealing of the 17th-century autobiographies largely because of its author's transparent vanity about his management of both.

To impress readers with the dauntless hardihood of Herberts in general, and himself in particular, is a major aim. He tots up applaudingly the single combats fought by each of his brothers. The peaceful one, George, is dismissed in a single sentence, which does not quite get round to mentioning that he wrote poetry. As for Lord Herbert himself, he issued challenges it seems all over Europe, and on the smallest pretexts. Overhearing a stranger's conversation, and disliking it, was quite enough to set him off. Curiously, the duels never took place. Time and again he would arrive at the rendezvous, there to huff and puff until he grew tired of waiting, or until officers, alerted by his craven foe, arrived to intervene. Herbert was past 60 when he began the memoirs, and perhaps fancying himself a fire-eater was an old man's weakness. Or perhaps the challenges were all really issued and, Herbert's foul temper being well known, nobody bothered to tangle with him. Several large-scale conflicts also enliven the narrative. Herbert recalls armed bands jumping out at him in the street or shouting taunts beneath his window. Sometimes they retired, severely discomfited, after he had engaged them; sometimes they fled at the mere sight of him.

In addition there were gratuitous feats of daring. At the siege of Jülich a braggart French nobleman leaped from the trenches and ran towards the walls shouting (in French, of course, but Herbert as usual repeats and then translates the compliment), 'They say you are one of the bravest of your nation, let us see who will do best.' Disdaining to run, Herbert followed 'leasurely and upright' while 'a storm of Bullets' flew around him. Somehow both got back unscathed. This was only one instance of his heroic conduct during the siege, Herbert explains, but he leaves the others undescribed 'least I should relish too much of Vanity'. Of all his exploits, crossing from Calais during a storm in 1617 was, he considers, 'the most needless danger that ever I did run'. No doubt this illustrates the folly of travelling at all in the 17th century, but to Herbert water was an especial threat since he could not swim. His mother, with pleasing logic, forbade him to learn, because he had once nearly drowned as a child. To a 20th-century mind this handicap might seem to explain Herbert's behaviour during a shipwreck off Dover in 1610 when, sword in hand, he insisted on himself and his friend Sir Thomas Lucy getting into the only boat available. However, it would be mistaken to take this as an indication of cowardice rather than courage. From a contemporary viewpoint Herbert was merely defending his right, as a nobleman, to be rescued before the rabble.

About his attractiveness to women, Herbert is not so explicit as he is about his bravery. Modesty, he says, forbids it. Nevertheless he tells us how Sir John Ayres's wife doted on his picture, keeping it 'under her breasts' till her husband went half mad with jealousy; and he confesses that the ladies on the continent managed to lure him into 'follyes' (though only after they had made such a set at him that it would have seduced 'the Chastest of mankind'). He didn't, he protests, enjoy it much: 'I never delighted in that or any other sinne.' Perhaps this is what Mr Shuttleworth has in mind when, in his introduction, he oddly commends Herbert's 'loyalty' to his wife.

Sex and violence are by no means the only topics he finds to boast about. His wisdom, as a child, is also a source of pride (when a tot the first question he asked his nurses was how he had come into the world, which made them titter). He piques himself on the sweet smell of his sweat and breath ('beyond what easily can be believed'), and on his medical skill. Of the latter he gave spectacular proof when treating a friend's hydrocephalus. The patient, having sampled Herbert's potion, urinated so abundantly that 'his head by degrees returned to its ancient figure'. As a philosopher Herbert received, he recounts, commendation from the highest possible authority. When in doubt whether to publish his *De Veritate* he knelt before an open window one cloudless day and asked God for a sign, adding that he would suppress the work if he did not get one. Thereupon 'a Loud though yet Gentle noise came from the Heavens', signifying, to Herbert, the divine imprimatur.

Perhaps God was laughing. But the *Life* is not all comedy, of course. The glimpses it gives of 17th-century conditions are often fearful. Riding through Italy in 1615, for instance, Herbert came upon an inn which had just been ransacked by the Duke of Savoy's soldiers. The hostess, who carried a newborn baby in her arms, had neither food nor drink but, fearing to offend her visitor, offered Herbert some milk from her breasts in a wooden dish. The ordinariness of infant mortality in the period is also brought home – as when Herbert, who married at 16, nonchalantly records that by the time he was 21 his wife had given birth to 'divers children' who did not survive. Not to show grief was, of course, part of Herbert's code. But what it felt like to live in his world is poignantly implied by the argument he uses to prove the immortality of the soul. Just as in his mother's womb he had eyes and ears which, being of no service in that 'Dark and noysome place', showed that he was destined for another existence, so, Herbert reasons, we have on earth the faculties of hope, love and joy, and though this life gives them no scope, they assure us of a better. Looked at from that angle, his death-daring feats become both more believable and less absurd.

Geoffrey Gorer

False Pretences

'Just Like a Girl': How Girls Learn to be Women by SUE SHARPE *Penguin* 95p

This book is not what it purports to be. From the title and the blurb on the back cover one would expect a study of female education; it is in fact a shrill polemic about the wrongs which it is claimed women suffer under 'capitalism'. Miss Sharpe is an obviously active member of the Arsenal Women's Liberation Group and her book can be considered a manifesto for these earnest ladies; its relationship to education is at best peripheral. When I was a schoolboy we used to call such deceptions a 'swizz'; I don't know what is the modern term: 'a come-on'?; 'a cop-out'?

In her preface, Miss Sharpe tells us that she administered questionnaires to 249 girls in four Ealing comprehensive schools in 1972; but she does not tell us what was in these questionnaires or how these schools were sampled. She preferred, she writes, to abandon statistics for 'personal statements'

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the first of these quotations appears on page 123 and they are scattered thinly through the rest of the text; at a generous count they might make up 10 per cent of the wordage. And Miss Sharpe does not eschew statistics when they suit her propagandistic purpose. In her least uninteresting chapter, on Indian and West Indian girls in the Ealing schools, she scatters percentages like confetti without ever mentioning the totals from which the percentages are derived; you have to remember one sentence in her preface to realise that each girl represents two percentage points. There is nothing to tell us how representative these few girls are; but the anecdotes suggest that both West Indian and Indian parents guard their daughters from unsupervised contact with boys much more strictly and anxiously than do English mothers, and that West Indian girls are happy in their femininity, whereas the Indian girls, for whom marriages are arranged, would mostly prefer to have been boys. This chapter, oddly entitled 'Black Girls in Britain' (fancy describing Indian girls as 'black'! There's prejudice for you!), contains long, predictable passages about slavery, exploitation, colonialism and discrimination; but the pages devoted to the experiences and expectations of these girls are informative and, to the best of my knowledge, novel.

This is more than can be said for the remainder of the book. Once you know that Miss Sharpe is fanatically Women's Liberationist for whom 'militancy', in whatever cause, is a double-plus word, her lengthy potted histories of changes in the position of women, their education, their ranges of employment and their depiction in advertisements and comics are fairly predictable. One could not have foreseen, perhaps, her almost paranoid attitude towards 'capitalism' (she seems to mean by this large-scale manufacture) as the source of all women's wrongs. It is 'capitalism' that forces women to want a home of their own:

> To provide the maximum market for these [products] the 'privatisation' of the family is essential – an infinite duplication of needs. Every family buys individual foods, cooks on individual cookers, in individual pans. Each buys the products and gadgets that are supposed to make work and leisure more enjoyable . . .
>
> The economy rests on such individual consumption – collectivisation would be disastrous for capitalist profits, although beneficial for people. But the system is based on the needs of capital rather than those of people . . .

Notice the cavalier way in which Miss Sharpe states that 'collectivisation' would be beneficial for people, without adducing a shred of evidence. There is, in fact no evidence anywhere of 'collectives' without individual cooking and sleeping spaces surviving for two generations. The need for separate sleeping places for mother and baby would seem to be species-specific; but Miss Sharpe will have no truck with biology; and although she picks bits and pieces out of social anthropological accounts to suit her purpose (chiefly about those tribes which encourage male nurturing behaviour) she will not check the record for her *obiter dicta*.

One of the few female disadvantages that is not due to 'capitalism' is that women still have to bear and nurse children. But 'assuming free and easy access to nursery facilities a woman with two children need only spend about three years of her life preoccupied with pregnancy and lactation'; the rest of her adult life can be spent in the interesting, self-fulfilling careers which Miss Sharpe, oddly enough and again without evidence, assumes will be available for all women when their consciousness is raised.

Miss Sharpe does not believe there is any value in mothers' continued contact with their weaned children. She attacks (not, of course, with evidence but with rhetoric) the work of John Bowlby and his associates and followers on the effects of maternal deprivation as a 'sophisticated myth' and continuously bemoans the scarcity of day-nurseries. Naturally, she does not consider in a single sentence which people should operate these day-nurseries; in Miss Sharpe's utopia *on laisse ça aux domestiques* refers to infant and child care.

Perhaps the personnel of these dream nurseries will be the Ealing schoolgirls. Although sometimes bored by school, these silly creatures mostly are glad to be female, do not resent as they should the 'exclusive' subjects which are taught to one sex only in their schools, look forward after school to an interesting job 'with people' (sometimes specifically with children) for a few years, then falling in love, marrying and having a home and family of their own. A few had heard of Women's Lib but were mostly derisory about it. None had had their consciousness properly raised. No wonder Miss Sharpe devotes so few pages to them.

C. H. Rolph

Doubts

Trial of Elvira Barney by PETER COTES *David & Charles* £4.95
Trials of Brian Donald Hume by IVAN BUTLER *David & Charles* £4.95

The David & Charles 'Celebrated Trials' series is going to be a useful library, distinguished by such characteristics as Mr Peter Cotes's special knowledge of Mrs Barney's story. Having been in court during much of her trial at the Old Bailey in 1932 for shooting her lover Michael Stephen, I thought I knew the case well enough to sustain a long-held belief that she was very lucky to be acquitted. Mr Cotes's presentation most readably and on the whole impartially done, has shaken me; though his main lapse from impartiality is a startling one. As a drama producer he had met her briefly in theatrical circles (she was once in a Gaiety Theatre show), and on the night of her acquittal he danced with her when she came into Smokey Joe's in Gerrard Street. 'She danced no better than she shot,' he says. What does that mean, in relation to someone acquitted of shooting at all? As a better shot, would she have merely wounded her lover, perhaps to teach him a lesson? Or would she have shot herself, which was what she claimed to have intended?

Elvira Barney was the daughter ('beautiful,' said the newspapers inevitably, but she wasn't) of Sir John Mullens, at that time government stockbroker – and accordingly marked down for the full press treatment. Michael Stephen, living with and sponging off her in a small mews house off Lowndes Square, was fatally shot in the chest as (it was said) they struggled for possession of a revolver. Never once did she deviate from the story, disjointed and hysterical as its original form was, that she had wanted to shoot herself and he was trying to prevent her. On the strength of Mr Cotes's edited version of the court transcript, which I am sure gives all the essentials, it is now easy to see how a jury could reasonably return a Not Guilty verdict on both murder and manslaughter indictments. The case was simply 'not proven'. The defence is much cleverer than it seemed in court at the time, and a murder conviction would have been manifestly wrong. The trial of Elvira Barney, apart from all the fashionable excitement and the twittering of the bright young things whose presence in court so much annoyed Sir Patrick Hastings, is remarkable for his brilliant defence and for the fact that Mr Justice Humphreys got nearer than anyone else has done to defining the criminal law's 'proof beyond reasonable doubt' as juries have always tried to understand it. 'Probability and suspicion *will not do*,' he said. 'You must be satisfied.' In their place, I should not have been satisfied.

Donald Hume's crimes were bound to catch up with him, and Mr Ivan Butler's well written and neatly planned account of them comes as a reminder that Hume, having been in prison for most of the past 26 years, mainly at Regensdorf in Switzerland, is now in Broadmoor (where, in the opinion of many, he probably doesn't belong). Hume is the super-spiv who was said to have murdered a rather lesser spiv in 1950 at a flat in Finchley Road, afterwards cutting up the body and dropping it in three parcels from an aircraft over the English Channel. He is a man with a self-evident flair for business initiative and adventure, plus an uncanny gift for getting himself accepted by decent and kindly people. It may be remembered that Hume, after a criminal adolescence and a disastrous year as a would-be RAF pilot, became a full-time crook, a 'car ringer', and an air smuggler of arms for Middle East use (Israeli and Arab indiscriminately).

The killing of Stanley Setty looks like remaining a mystery. When the jury had said it couldn't agree, the prosecution decided not to press the murder charge by re-trial; and presumably, therefore, thought the case fairly thin. Dame Rebecca West, who reported the trial, later maintained in *A Train of Powder* that Hume was not the murderer: 'He had not got to the point of murder then, though he was to come to it. I think he was inspired by the trial and imprisonment.' He had not denied disposing of the body, which (according to him) he did partly under duress and partly for payment. And for that, as what was then called an 'accessory after the fact', he got 12 years' imprisonment. It was the beginning of a violent coda to an unsavoury story which

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ends with the shooting of a Swiss taxi-driver, Arthur Maag, one of an incredibly brave succession of Zurich citizens who tried to arrest Hume immediately after a bank robbery. For that murder he got a Swiss life sentence; but before that he had told the *Sunday Pictorial*, for £2,000, how he had after all murdered Stanley Setty, why he did it, and how he cut up the body.

When you have been acquitted on a murder charge, whether you did it or not, confessing to it is perfectly safe and can of course be profitable. But if the confession will raise no more than £2,000, you are soon back where you started, as a criminal you will be on your own, and Hume by this time was highly and recklessly lethal.

After 16 years the Swiss prison authorities have had enough of him. The English prison system has no reason to take him in, unless someone unexpectedly and successfully prosecutes him for one of his many unexpiated crimes. So on 20 August 1976, after the Medical Superintendent of Broadmoor had flown specially to Zurich to see what could be arranged, Hume was seen by two doctors at Heathrow and taken to Broadmoor. If nevertheless he is sane, I know one man who, more than any other (and perhaps indeed alone), has kept him sane by virtue of a belief that he has aptitudes for decency and courage and a capacity to put them one day at the service of society. If Hume is ever to come out of Broadmoor, that man will be much needed.

Alan Ryan

Open-Ended

Enlightenment and Despair: A History of Sociology by GEOFFREY HAWTHORN *Cambridge* £7.75 and £2.75

All histories of intellectual activity have their embarrassments. The chief among them is the evident conflict between an 'internal' and an 'external' account of their subject matter – ought the history of astrology to be written in terms of the astrologers' own aspirations, intellectual resources and the rest, or in terms of the social pressures to which astrology is a response, in terms of the economic interests served by astrological beliefs, the class-interests of astrologers and their employers? How much hindsight can the historian employ, before he falsifies events – is it still a history of *astrology* when it is written as a pre-history of modern astronomy? And how little can he employ before he ceases to be a historian at all? If we want to know what the astrologers thought they were up to, we could read what they had to say about it, so employing the historian to tell us about them must presuppose that he tells us *something* they could not.

Such anxieties strike most contemporary historians of the 'hard' – or 'natural' – sciences. The problems of the historian of the 'soft' – or social – 'sciences' are a good deal worse. There is at least a tolerable degree of consensus among scientists in particular disciplines about the sort of thing which would in principle count as an explanation of the phenomena in which they are interested; it is impossible to say as much in sociology. The question of what sort of thing is being studied, what sort of theory a sociologist is, merely in principle, looking for is an entirely open question. The consensus among natural scientists is that the phenomena they study operate from one era to the next according to laws which are independent of human hopes and fears and beliefs. No such assumption can possibly be made in the social sciences – or, rather, if it is plausible to suppose that there are *some* invariances in the way anything we could call a society works, these are so far undiscovered, and in any case operate at a level of abstraction which renders them quite uninteresting to the bulk of sociologists.

Geoffrey Hawthorn takes all this without too much flinching; he is ready to work with a definition of 'social theory' which is loose enough to encompass Rousseau and Talcott Parsons, or, better, *liberal* enough to embrace them both without forcing us to conclude that Rousseau started something which Parsons and his ilk have 'developed'. He sees that any satisfactory history of sociology has to be 'internal' in starting from the intentions of the writers he discusses, yet 'external' in at least trying to explain why they saw the world one way rather than another, why they took as major problems in one country something quite different from the problems of another country. We start from the Enlightenment and we are then conducted through two views of history – the Comtean, or 'positivist', where the sociological task is to uncover laws of succession and coexistence which enable us at once to understand the past and control the future, and the Hegelian (and in this account Marxian) picture of man as a rational, creative being who will, once he understands himself, create something entirely new in the social world.

Enlightenment and Despair is, avowedly, a story of failure. But, oddly enough, it does not read quite like that. It is true that American sociology gets a pretty cold write-up, with George Fitzhugh's defence of southern slavery rating higher marks for boldness and originality than the works of Sumner, Cooley and their descendants; but the failure of German sociology to get much beyond Weber's stiff and anxious defence of a liberalism which nothing in German society could properly sustain is not put down to intellectual laziness or myopia. It was hardly the fault of German sociology that there was no large, self-confident and politically adept middle class. Again, Durkheim's obsession with social solidarity, and his inability to face up to the existence of class conflict as an endemic feature of a capitalist society can look like mere folly. But Durkheim had a political programme to bring to fruition; his defence of the insecure Third Republic was strikingly successful, and 20th-century political infiltrators could well envy the way in which Durkheim's pupils and allies got their hands on the French education system. And Geoffrey Hawthorn does not end by suggesting that there ought to be some new start in resolving the ages-old question of the relation of individuals to society. Sociology is more like philosophy than physical science; its questions are of their nature open-ended, and a society in which there was a complete consensus about the proper answers to them would not so much be a society in which sociology had at last become a science as one in which the most important forms of human self-examination had been stifled. It is a plausible case, and it is very well made out in this highly compressed but engrossing account.

Christopher Hill

Loot Club

The Age of Plunder: The England of Henry VIII 1500-1547 by W. G. HOSKINS *Longman* £5.95 and £3.50

W. G. Hoskins is one of the great historians of our generation. His work has been unshowy, and he has kept aloof from academic wrangles and rivalries. He has always, I suspect, been more interested in getting across to non-specialist readers than in writing merely for his professional colleagues. He virtually invented local history as a serious academic subject: it is now booming. Typically, one of his most influential articles was contributed to a very early number of *Past and Present*, long before that journal attained the prestige it now enjoys. Hoskins is a skilful compiler of statistics, and uses them to good effect in this book. Yet though they help us to 'get away thankfully from flabby generalisations', he warns us that 'history is far from being merely applied statistics'. We must always see the society behind the statistical tables, 'and behind them again the ordinary men and women of the time'.

This has always been Hoskins's greatest strength. His classic works on the 16th-century yeomanry and on the rebuilding of rural England 1570-1640 are based on statistics drawn from wills and other manuscripts; but they are about human beings – and human beings not out of the top drawer. The same applies to his famous analysis of harvest fluctuations in the 16th century, indispensable for any worker in the period. In this book he is above all concerned to see the bird underneath the plumage which he brusquely plucks off. 'In one sense the whole of English history, certainly since 1066, has been a history of plunder by the governing class and its officials and other hangers-on.' Hoskins sees the Reformation as this class's 'greatest act of plunder' since the Norman Conquest, planned by the aristocracy well before Henry VIII thought of breaking with Rome or Thomas Cromwell had come to power. There are pages in this book which recall the attitudes of William Cobbett:

> the social structure rested on a vast base of people who owned little or nothing more than what they stood up in, who rented the houses and cottages from others, who had n

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reserves to fall back on in a bad year, and who therefore formed a potentially explosive foundation of which any Tudor government was continually aware.
The fundamental fact of Tudor urban life was that the great majority of the population was completely excluded from all government and gilds and any kind of civic recognition.
Unless we realise how great was this inequality we cannot properly discuss a great deal of the social and economic history of this century.

Henry VIII was 'the most disastrous' of the Tudors, impoverishing his country's resources

> and stunting its growth for the sake of his futile wars, leaving it an empty treasury; and leaving its government in the hands of the most unprincipled gang of political adventurers and predators that England had seen for many centuries.

Those are the concluding words of *The Age of Plunder*. The sentiments are not wholly novel; but the blunt directness is not found in all history books.

Yet though compassion and indignation inspire much of Hoskins's approach to the past, they sharpen rather than blunt his vision. He suggests that those who rely merely on statistics of wages and prices have probably exaggerated the devastation caused to the lower classes by 16th-century inflation and legislation lengthening the working day. (A similar reliance, one might add, has caused some historians to underestimate the human devastation of the 18th-century Industrial Revolution.) In 16th-century England 50 saints' days must be deducted from the working year; dependence on the weather and the seasons, together with the slow pace of work, would further reduce the burden:

> It would be rash to assume an average of more than three working days a week, possibly as few as two and a half. In these circumstances the 70 to 75-hour week becomes bearable, but the problem of poverty becomes all the more acute.

Even here a large number of wage labourers – how large we do not know – was effectively cushioned against inflation since they 'paid no rent, bought no clothes or fuel, and were fed'. And beer was cheap. (Hoskins restores the balance by reminding us that, for the well-to-do, tithes and rents in kind were an equally effective hedge.)

There are many other sharp observations in this book. In the decade before the Reformation the Archbishop of Canterbury was the richest magnate in England. 'The interpretation of English economic history has been bedevilled and indeed distorted by an excessive concentration on overseas trade,' which among other things has led us to overrate London's importance. 'It is probable that the coastal and inland trades were worth at least ten times as much as all the overseas trades put together.' Moreover, there might be

> a hundred different occupations in the larger towns and 60 or more in the medium-sized. Thus a slump in the exports of the cloth trade on a national scale can easily be exaggerated in the economic fortune of the country as a whole.

The building industry may have rivalled the clothing industry in importance, with leather and its allied trades not far behind: though if we look only at exports cloth seems the only industry that matters. The 'tremendous activity in the building industry' stimulated an unprecedented boom in lead mining, until the dissolution of the monasteries glutted the market with lead.

Some historians, including myself, have supposed that coal mining developed after coal-bearing monastic lands had passed into lay ownership. Hoskins shows that monasteries mined far more coal than we had recognised. He has a nice capacity for illustrating a generalisation with local detail – e.g., the relative cheapness of water transport by the fact that when the Yare froze in the hard winter of 1606-7 and Yarmouth merchants had to send their goods by land, it cost them 18 times as much as by water. But he warns against exaggerating the badness of English roads; the Bishop of Exeter averaged 60 miles a day when riding to London in the 1490s. Hoskins briskly dismisses 'the traditional picture of the English village ruled over by a resident squire' as 'one of the most persistent of historical myths, . . . largely a Victorian creation'. A fascinating passage on partible inheritance ends, tantalisingly, 'it was certainly much more widespread than we have hitherto imagined and more examples are likely to turn up as research is pursued'.

Hoskins has done a great deal, by writing, lecturing and broadcasting, to bring the history of the English people and the English landscape before a wide public which is not concerned with academic fashion. He retired some years ago, and has had his *Festschrift*; but he clearly still has a lot to say to this public. The present book, he tells us, has been long in the writing, which no doubt explains some repetitions which might be removed in the second edition. But the scholarship is as sound, the sympathy as warm and the judgments as pugnacious as ever. Research continues to be pursued.

Derek Mahon

Out in the Midday

To Caucasus the End of All the Earth by FITZROY MACLEAN *Cape* £6.50
Curtain Calls by LESLIE GARDINER *Duckworth* £6.95
Two Monsoons by THEON WILKINSON *Duckworth* £5.95

Fitzroy Maclean takes the title of his book from Kingsley: 'And they knew they were come to Caucasus, the end of all the earth.' It was also, of course, or so many believe, the beginning of all the earth, in as much as Mount Ararat, where Noah ran aground when the waters of the Flood began to subside, is not far away, 40 miles inside Turkey where it borders on Iran and Soviet Armenia, 'towering above the vapours of the plain as though suspended between earth and sky'. After trying for years to take a photograph of this elusive magic mountain, for ever shrouding itself in cloud, Sir Fitzroy finally succeeded, and here it is, looking intensely mysterious.

Photographs occupy a large number of the pages in this handsome volume, which will be more at home on a coffee table than in a rucksack. Sir Fitzroy, naturally, did not travel with a rucksack, but in an air-conditioned *wagon-lit* where he and his companion ate 'long, discursive meals' and drank Soviet champagne. Nothing wrong with that, except that the end result is altogether too 'civilised', that is to say bland. His adventures are not really adventures, merely momentary inconveniences, as when he is arrested at gunpoint by Tartar soldiers for walking where he shouldn't have walked and is obliged to produce his personalised diplomatic pass. Lucky he had it on him at the time.

Curtain Calls is the first of two books by Leslie Gardiner about his travels behind what some still call the Iron Curtain. (The second, *Iron Filings*, is in preparation.) However, these countries for Mr Gardiner are not at all 'sad', but 'lit with brightness, movement and romance'. Despite considerable experience of Eastern Europe he has never, he says, been shadowed by secret police, had his rooms bugged, or been offered an opportunity to sell items of personal apparel. In *Curtain Calls* he visits Albania (where he enjoys 'ferocious hospitality'), Romania and Bulgaria, and does best with Romania, 'that raffish, cocky, cringing, cynical and enigmatic nation with the largest gipsy population in Europe'. From paragraph to paragraph he counterpoints Romanian history with an account of his own progress. There are entertaining stories about the picturesque Royal Family (where are they now?), and in particular of the English-born Queen Marie, who frightened the aristocracy and delighted the gipsies by smoking cigarettes and riding unattended in the streets of Bucharest – the first woman to do so. We learn, however, that the Romanians had never heard of Count Dracula until the BBC made a documentary about Vlad the Impaler, with whom they insisted on confusing him.

Two Monsoons is a necrophilous work springing from Mr Wilkinson's interest in the graveyards of the Raj. Many of these, it seems, have been let go to wrack and ruin, the monuments crumbling, the marble slabs removed for grinding curry powder: one such is that of Rose Aylmer, Landor's early love, which was recently destroyed. The bulk of the book is taken up with an inventory of the various kinds of death suffered by the British in India – 'Fevers and Diseases', 'Sporting Tragedies', 'Natural Calamities', 'Murders, Duels and Suicides'. The Indians were perplexed by the British devotion to violent sports and 'needless heroism', which put an end to many a promising career; alcohol and opium took an alarming toll. But there is a morbid fascination in Mr Wilkinson's anthology of epitaphs. A private in the Connaught Rangers, drowned while swimming in the Kangra River: 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.' And best of all, at Peshawar: 'Here lies Captain Ernest Bloomfield, accidentally shot by his orderly, March 2nd 1879. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Crippety Crappety

The Sooty Show *Mayfair*
Emu in Pantoland *Shaftesbury*
Elidor *Jeanetta Cochrane*
Tintin's Great American Adventure *Arts*
The Magic of Young Houdini *Phoenix*
Charley's Aunt *Young Vic*

'None of the mums and dads are singing "rub-a-dub-dub", nor are they putting their magic fingers in the air,' tch-tched the clown with the curly blue hair at *The Sooty Show*; and he was right, at any rate about me. Some passing imp must have been sprinkling me with fairy dust, because my magic fingers were fiddling with my watch, and I was having trouble keeping awake, a bout of narcolepsy that dogged me often over the school holidays. Christmas is the time when we poor scribes venture into places where, perhaps, we have no right to be. We don't find it easy to shriek warnings when a stray rabbit, monkey or kangaroo creeps up behind the hero, especially if that hero happens to be a tiny fur bear. Nor are we the first to fill our lungs when they ask us, with that seasonal sadism which afflicts even the best actors, to 'try it one more time, all together, *real loud*'. And nothing will induce us to join a rollicking chorus of (literally) 'snip, snap, snooper, crippety, crappety, boom'. Criticism should be a reasoned account of one's own personal reactions: in this pell-mell, chocolate-flavoured world we're often reduced to reporting those of our juniors, interjecting the odd 'awfully imaginative' or 'too formula' as a feeble assertion of our supposedly professional status.

So let it be. My three-year-old litmus test turned slightly blue at the Mayfair, because he was frightened by the flashing electric eyes of the wicked witch who, it seemed to me interminably, swooped down at our gloved friends, the three animate egg-cosies known to watchers of TV as Sooty, Sweep and Soo. He did, however, recover when she was stung in the bum by a giant bee and expired with a strangulated cackle. My seven-year-old went bright pink at *Emu in Pantoland*, and stayed it, though I myself was somewhat disappointed by the relative orthodoxy of the anarchic bird who had laid low Michael Parkinson on TV. I had hoped his glittering eye, rubbery beak and instinct for the jugular would create havoc in the stalls. Alas, he had it in only for the Sheriff of Nottingham, as we all had, since the part was played with a splendid melodramatic swagger by Victor Spinetti. The goodies, led by Emu's bouncing puppet-master, Rod Hull, seemed insipid by comparison, though we all liked Barbara New's stumbling fairy queen, forever moaning that 'I keep losing me way, me wand's run out of electricity, I can't do anything right'.

Precisely my predicament as a critic, short-circuited in the pit. To be candid, the show struck me as over-dependent on ingredients I seem to choke over every Christmas. There must be a dame, even if she takes no part in what passes, implausibly, for a plot. There must be faces imported from TV, in this case not just Hull and his tame poultry, but Irene Handl and Pat Coombs as two barely relevant grotesques, the former glumly reminding the latter that 'the last man to throw himself at your feet was the shripodist'. There must be a cooking scene, which must leave the participants smothered in dough. There must be pop-songs, and undulating lovelies, and bopping tots, and plenty of opportunity for the audience to shout, hiss and sing. At one point there must be a chase round the auditorium, and at another two children must be brought up to hobnob with the star of the show, who must present them with souvenirs and ask us to give them a 'big hand'. So one might go on – but what's the point when those for whom it was all packaged are unjadedly enjoying themselves? Should I, as a responsible reviewer, seek to deflect them towards something less hack and more classy, such as the adaptation of Alan Garner's *Elidor*? God forbid.

I took no one to see this, which was just as well, because it turned out to be as tedious as worthy. Somewhere at the beginning we were asked: 'use your imagination, imagine all the things you want, imagine all the things you need' – a sound warning, since it rapidly became clear that no one else was going to do so, and I, at least, emerged little wiser about the magic land of Elidor, the awesome problems and terrible dangers besetting it, why our suburban boy heroes thought it worth saving, or how they achieved that dubious feat. This last had something to do with a dapper young man wearing fur underclothes and a corkscrew in his forehead, one Findhorn, who had to be lured into singing 'I am the sacrifice, the fire, the unicorn, the beast, the right, I am', which he did in a fluting throb; but I may conceivably have been dreaming. Certainly, it took trips to the Phoenix and the Arts with my sensible ten-year-old to open my eyes and reassure me that children's theatre can still, just occasionally, be both fresh and fun.

My son approved of both, but especially of *Tintin*, currently a great favourite in the upper echelons of our primary schools. Nicholas Barter's production isn't exactly elaborate. When the narrator tells us 'the people of Chicago shout hurray' – this, after the eccentrically coiffed boy sleuth has collared the crook Smiles – one actor comes on stage and says it: 'hurray'. Yet a tiny cast, simple costumes and paper-and-paste settings cumulatively piece together something that looks, sounds and feels extraordinarily like those Hergé cartoons, with their special blend of hectic action, poster-paint colours and pre-pube humour ('after he's been in the lake awhile, Mr Tintin will be kinda rusty' . . . 'Tintin, what's that, a dance?'). *Young Houdini* is less original, perhaps; but it successfully integrates a good deal of conjuring and escapology with a plot of sorts. Within an hour or so our embroyo Merlin trounces Professor Manchu Phoo, whose magic is decidedly dull, and establishes himself as the star of Pompinstance's Vaudeville Theatre, winning the proprietor's daughter as a bonus. 'It's a treap chick,' mutters the loser, who is given to spoonerist summings-up; but few of us can have been inclined to agree with him.

Nor is there anything treap or chicksy about Denise Coffey's revival of *Charley's Aunt*, all ebullient horseplay and undergraduate jackanapes. I saw the play on TV recently, with Danny la Rue as a Fancourt-Babberly so exquisitely wigged and powdered there was nothing the least grotesque in the idea of him being hounded by randy fortune-hunters. They'd have come even if he were as destitute as Cinderella. Miss Coffey restores the point, and the farce, by giving the part to Nicky **Henson, who has a** frame like a master-butcher's, gravestones for teeth, and a voice like an old crypt being prised open. There's no more effortlessly masculine actor in the British theatre, and none that would look more sublimely uneasy in velvet and lace: a treat for children *and* adults.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Totalled

No, it's not that I had better things to do (who did?) but a holiday is, after all, a holiday and I have to watch the stuff, week in week out. So I'm afraid this will be an even more than usually fragmentary bulletin; moments captured before I could avert my eyes. Moments like Danny la Rue's brutal impersonation of Marlene Dietrich ('Look at me, I'm 73,/That's 69 plus VAT') – a take-off made all the more cheeringly tasteless by the presence, as compère, of the anciently ageless Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Or the *Read All About It* (BBC-1) panel agog with admiration for the prose, the compassion and the craftsmanship of our earstwhile official hangman. Or André Previn battling to disguise his envy of the popular Stephen Sondheim. Or Bing Crosby ('hanging in there, dead-ass', as he once described his style) singing *The Way We Were* to Liza Minelli whilst quite blatantly counting her teeth.

Or almost any moment on *The Muppet Show* (ATV), surely the fastest and funniest half-hour on television. Derived, presumably, from *Sesame Street*, it is not

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ogged down by the pretence that it is eaching us to read, and its puppet regulars ould mostly bite your head off if you ied to cuddle them; a sardonic hysteria revails, with the whole thing moving just bit too quickly for everyone concerned – ey don't want laughs, exactly; they'd ather see you choke. The ingredients are nshakably constant; it's 'wait for it' all he way. Personally I'd be happy for them o ditch the regular human guest star – sually one of those brittle American comdiennes; if the pace flags, it often looks as f it's a clause in a contract that's to lame. Of the stringed fellows, my favourite s the lantern-jawed newscaster who comes huttling in each week with some madly utlandish 'Muppet newsflash': this time, ve had a tense item about a steam-fitter who had turned into a rug. When interiewed, his wife revealed that 'It all began vith a simple case of shag-pile on the elly . . . and now he's nine by eight, with *fringe*.' 'We understand you are suing for livorce; is that strictly necessary?' 'You et it is; he doesn't match the drapes.'

With Edward Hammond in Amsterdam retending he's Van Gogh, it's unlikely that *The Brothers* will ever be quite the same gain. In its place on Sunday nights there's more spacious transport saga, *Wings* BBC-1). Hard to tell from the first episode ow things will turn out when our chaps et into action, though there were suggesions that the laborious quest for period uthenticity will, as so often, stand in for nore elusive niceties – like decent dialogue, nteresting characters, and so on. Straight ut of stock, we had the vaguely loutish lacksmith's son contrasted with the silverpooned Etonian – they both want to get heir pilot's ticket in the Royal Flying Corps the year is 1915); the blacksmith broodngly, the posh type flippantly. Apparently, he RFC was largely staffed by transfers rom the cavalry: 'If you can ride a horse, ou can fly a plane.' It sticks in the smithy's aroat that they find it so easy to join up, hereas he has to pretend that he already nows how to fly before the War Office ill look at him. An audacious fib, and the cene in which it is put to the test is no oubt the first of many skilfully staged aerotrills. I will report again.

A Decade of Change (Thames) was Brian lanville's account of what's happened to orld soccer since we trounced the Hun at embley. As expected – in spite of interews with Franz Beckenbauer and Helmut hoen – 'world soccer' really means our ccer, and we all know what's happened that. The handful of interviews aside – d there was a marvellously nostalgic one th Ramsey that featured a long sentence which each element precisely cancelled t another – all we were offered was a ng of goal-fixated clips and a few banal *nsées* from Glanville. What has overen our trudging work-horses is someng called Total Football – a term adtted by Glanville to be virtually meanings but employed by him throughout as a ncept crucial to his historical analysis. tal football involves every player being pared to perform every task, attacking defending; in other words, working very d and doing a lot of running. The excellent thing about Total Football is that it has replaced the boring Ramsey-invented method based on Work Rate. We are good at Work Rate but no good at Total Football, which is what foreign teams are good at. Now I may be dim, but I'd always thought that Work Rate also involves every player being prepared to perform every task, attacking or defending; in other words, working very hard. Glanville seemed to think this too. So what's the difference? Well, apparently Total Football is what happens to Work Rate if the players in question possess 'natural skill', for which – as the papers tell us every day – there is no substitute; although Revie, if he's half the man we think he is, may yet come up with one. So there we are.

Harold Baghouses's *The Game* (BBC-2) was one of those irritating soccer plays in which you don't see any soccer: mud-stained warriors come panting into the dressing room and give you *match-reports*. Shakespeare used to go in for the same kind of thing. In this one, our hero (*c.* 1913) is possessed of abundant natural skill and also reads a lot of Plato; he is thus able to win matches on his own and resist corrupt overtures from club chairmen. Transferred from Blackton to Burchester on the day before the two teams meet in a key relegation battle, he still hopes to marry the Blackton chairman's daughter (though he's fairly platonic about her; when she approaches him lustfully he pipes: 'Now, Elsie, that's a foul!'). The chairman is in bad shape financially, and tries to do a deal: throw the match and you can throw Elsie. Shocked, our man goes out to play a blinder, but breaks his arm. 'Aha!' chortles the crook, 'you've finally seen sense.' Shocked afresh, the man of virtue drags himself back and single-armed wipes out the opposition. Comic-paper stuff, perhaps, but this is not time to be snooty; and, yes, I've already written to Don Revie.

Films

John Coleman

Shortlisted

The Front *Columbia from 13 January*
Raid on Entebbe *Dominion* and *Odeon, Marble Arch*

Such ancients of days as the bag-eyed beardie whose likeness was so artfully caught by Russell Davies (full Marcs!) in mid-column last issue will recall the mad, bad times when Senator Joe McCarthy and his minions were busy finding commies under every second bed. The younger among you may not and that is where I pause to wonder if Martin Ritt's *The Front* spells out its witch-hunt background as cogently as it might have: after all, some 25 years have passed since Mr Ritt himself, his scriptwriter Walter Bernstein, and two of his actors, Zero Mostel and Herschel Bernardi, were blacklisted for their real or supposed political leanings. But, by the same token, that quarter of a century has allowed boiling passions to drop down to a simmer: there is a little authentic anger in *The Front* and there is also Woody Allen. This weedy, midget master of the one-liner, usually nervously thrown away before the big fellow kicks sand in his face, is the anti-hero of the title. He plays Howard Prince, a restaurant cashier and minor-league bookie, who suddenly stumbles on a way out of his financial troubles. Alfred Miller, done with nice exasperation by Michael Murphy, is a TV scriptwriter fallen foul of the list, just as the writer of this mixed affair did in the past. Howard agrees to 'front' for him, i.e. let

Edwin Brock

Heron, Snake and History

Our local heron patrols the river
looking for suicides, each wingbeat as slow
and sure as a policeman's stride

It is twenty years since the cemetery at Nunhead
and that bare leg in a car
I thought was dead

That year not even a corpse was safe
and I played jazz at night
to keep the anger awake

I looked so helplessly at everything
my eyes stopped answering me
became red-rimmed and dim, without subtlety

But today I have the sea in reach:
the birds are noisier and, out of sight,
one green snake patrols the beach

I settle into what I cannot see, balancing
this salt-dried grave in which
the tide uncovers me.

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his name be used, for 10 per cent, and soon has two other suspect scriptmen in his stable. He pays off his debts, acquires a new apartment and an admiring girl friend, the network's story editor Florence (Andrea Marcovicci), who comes from a genteel home 'where the biggest sin was to raise your voice'. Woody/Howard can't resist it. 'Yeah . . . my family, the biggest sin was to buy retail.'

There is another comedian in the set-up, the aforementioned Mr Mostel, here giving surely the best film performance of his life (and one is not forgetting *The Producers*) *as* a comedian, the network's big draw until the sinister Mr Hennessy of Freedom Information has him in his toils for marching in a May Day Parade. This Hecky Brown, a political innocent, vainly protests the only reason was his attachment to a girl with a big ass: he is persuaded to spy on the unlikely new star, Howard (earlier overheard saying 'Gimme two Hemingways and a Faulkner' in a book store), as a route back to his slipped fame. Mostel's habitual brashness has been extraordinarily reined in and there is the steady beat of truth both in the writing and the playing as his fat, sweating Hecky wrestles with the brute facts of lost reputation and a stirring conscience. His last scene in a posh hotel room, humming, beaming, toasting himself in champagne in a mirror, ends on a brilliantly executed dying fall: and the pun is intended. Howard, of course, gets *his* before the close, though more gently and improbably, imagining he can wriggle round a Senate Committee, then – the worm really turning – telling them to perform the impossible on themselves. Handcuffs at a railway station, Florence loving him again, freedom-praising banners waving: it's the anticipated works.

After all, Woody Allen may be an expert at bringing out the wisecracking coward in all of us but he does it so that we may approve ourselves; as a loser, he wins; he is too damn congenial, in short, for a role that would have been much uglier in life. It is great fun to watch him feeling his oats, explaining to the trio he fronts for that their stuff is getting thin and maybe they should look at Eugene O'Neill, going frantic when asked to re-write a concentration camp scene on the spot (the sponsors decided 'the show makes gas look bad'). There was, in fact, a film, *Fear on Trial*, made for TV by Lamont Johnson in 1975 and starring George C. Scott as defending lawyer, about the genuine persecution and ultimate exoneration of a performer called John Henry Faulk: it was gritty, straight-faced and pretty compelling. Am I suggesting, then, that comedy is out of place in any treatment of a troubled and troubling moment in American history? If so, it would seem a bit presumptuous, given the credentials of the makers of *The Front*. Given also the general run or dawdle or doodle of films these days, Mr Ritt's movie is no mean enterprise. It packs a lot of the period's bad feelings in but in cotton-wool, as if they were fragile: what it doesn't pack is a punch.

Irvin Kershner's *Raid on Entebbe* is considerably better value than *Victory at Entebbe*, about which I wrote at some length in my last column. While understanding the reluctance of various film companies to issue their *Entebbes* at the same time (can there truly be *two* more waiting in the wings?), it would have provided us reviewers with a godsent chance to display our old-compare-and-contrast mechanisms. *Raid* improves on *Victory* by reducing the *Airport* aura, giving more solid-seeming information and looking crisper all round. The details of rehearsal for the rescue and the actual operation itself are intelligently mounted and at much greater length, Yaphet Kotto has a monstrous, chuckling plausibility as the criminal idiot Amin (and his complicity is more firmly stressed), the blonde German hijacker of the first is replaced by a likelier, spotty-faced brunette. To repeat myself, the genre disturbs me: take instant events, just add stars, shake well and you have a disaster-plus-entertainment potion guaranteed to slake any audience's thirst for vicarious horrors.

Art

John Spurling

Merz Nest

Kurt Schwitters, Arshile Gorky and **Martin Naylor** *all at The Museum of Modern Art, Oxford*

Drawings by Tolkien *Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, until 27 February; National Book League, London, 2 March-7 April*

English Naïve Paintings *Crane Kalman Gallery, London*

Merz was the word Kurt Schwitters coined to distinguish his own brand of dadaism from the ruck. Trained academically, he had also made forays into German Expressionism and Cubism before settling on his particular version of collage at the end of the first world war. He seems to have had something of Bernard Shaw's flair for self-advertisement and to have realised comparatively early that the public success of a twentieth-century artist depended as much on selling a simple image, preferably with a convenient label for critics and art historians, as on discovering an undeveloped area of activity. Schwitters published a *merz*magazine, composed and performed 'sound-poems' and enlisted typography and his passion for scraps of paper and bits of junk in the service of his one-man movement.

Very little of the energy which must have gone into all this emanates from the small retrospective of his work now at the Oxford Museum of Modern Art. The larger assemblages painted in oil look faded, the smaller collages of bus-tickets, torn headlines, flattened cigarette-packets, etc., have the brown, wilted appearance of things from the bottoms of old trunks in attics. If there was once humour or excitement in this challenge to the old notions of what might constitute art, it has drained away, leaving a powerful impression of pathos, which was surely not the artist's original intention. Fate has been unkind to Schwitters: his grand attempt at turning junk into a total work of art, the so-called *merzbau*, which gradually filled four rooms of his home in Hanover and which had to be left behind when he fled Nazi Germany in 1937, was destroyed by an air raid in 1943; the second *merzbau*, abandoned when he escaped from Norway in 1940, survived the war and its creator, but was consumed in a fire in 1951, while the last, now at Newcastle, was only just begun at his death. Something of what lay behind the iconoclastic image, Schwitters's traditional and notable talent for organising his material into flat contrasts of tone and shape, angle and pattern, can be judged from this show, but it is rather as if Pound were to go down to posterity deprived of his *Cantos*.

Upstairs in the same museum is another small retrospective: the artist, another sad character from the tormented annals of twentieth-century art. Arshile Gorky was an Armenian who, at about the time Schwitters was first into *merz*, escaped the Turkish persecution of his race and settled in the United States. He lived only just long enough to begin dominating his influences – most of the paintings in this show are more or less overtly in debt to Picasso, Cézanne, Miró and others. His drawings make the stronger effect. There are two intensely introverted heads of girls which show his virtuosity with pencil shading and several riotously coloured, erotically suggestive landscapes done with wax crayons, all from the last seven years of his life, when as John Golding writes in the catalogue 'The release of his talent and the discovery of artistic identity brought with them a period of great happiness and productivity'. Alas, a series of personal disasters – the loss of his studio and many paintings in a fire, an operation for cancer and a serious car accident – ended with his hanging himself in 1948, the year as it happened of Schwitters's death.

Upstairs again, recent work by the young English artist Martin Naylor makes an interesting comparison with the Schwitters in the basement. Naylor also uses bits and pieces – sticks, screws of wire, a bleach sweater, a large square of stained cloth, a kitchen knife – and also shows formidable powers of organisation. Indeed the scrappy nature of his materials serves to emphasise the extreme neatness of his mind. Unlike Schwitters he takes a lot of space for his arrangements, which depend on strong lines and thin lines for their sense of insubstantiality and fragility, as of birds' claw-prints over fresh snow. It is odd to try to imagine how these things – which now, clean and bright, propped, dangling, delicately laid in their precise places, seem to insist above all on their merely temporary existence – might look in half a century when they have descended from the first floor of living evolving *merz* to the basement of picklingly accepted art.

Elsewhere in Oxford, at the venerable Ashmolean, there is an exhibition of drawings and watercolours by J. R. R. Tolkien. The illustrations to *The Lord of the Rings* are few and dull; perhaps by that stage his whole imagination was engaged by the words on the page. But the writing of *Hobbit* seems to have left more scope for his other talent as a smallscale, painstaking landscapist. The brilliantly-coloured, det

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watercolour drawings of Hobbiton and Rivendell have a numinous feeling of place which owes more to the real England than to any invented world. They are also remarkably better than the rather shapeless sketches which led up to them.

The professional sophistication which lies concealed under the apparent simplicities of an artist like Schwitters is brought home by an exhibition of English Naïve Paintings at the Crane Kalman Gallery in London. One may smile at the subject-matter – prize rams, prize-fighters, rat-catchers, disasters at sea, a dentist with a sadistic smile extracting a tooth with a piece of string – but there is something ultimately depressing in this serried display of ageless technical incompetence. The sharpness of the innocent eye – one of the virtues ascribed by its devotees to naïve painting – so seldom survives the hamfistedness of the innocent brush.

Opera

John Morgan

The Love Germ

L'Elisir d'amore *Covent Garden: further performance 8 January*
Viva la mama *Radio 3*

The cast for Donizetti's exuberant comedy, all in the sweetest voice, hit on *l'elisir di bel canto*. John Pritchard conducted to perfection an orchestra in its best form. How lucky then for me, after a quarter-century of buying tickets at the Garden, to begin a free-seat spell by hearing – looking was not quite so persuasive – a favourite work so unmatchably sung. It was the kind of evening that refines the definition of a privileged class.

Quite how it came about that so remarkable a cast was assembled – and specially at a time when the production could not expect the fulsome notices it deserved, with newspapers sharing long holidays and strikes – is revealed in the programme: 'This production has been made possible by a substantial donation from the Corbett Foundation, Cincinnati, Ohio, USA.' About that, and the difficulties EEC and, indeed, COMECON countries are going to face in the coming hard times, I hope to write soon. In the meantime, more praise of this cynical work.

The young tenor José Carreras has become a great singer in the space of barely twelve months. In this production only a year ago he was comparatively reticent, and his voice, though perfect, sounded small for a large house. But already he is in the fulness of a remarkable talent. His Nemorino now has a fire in the throat to complement his former gentleness: in the recent *La Bohème* on the same stage he was a Rodolfo of the highest quality. What was thought a gift that would vanish with Bergonzi and Pavarotti has been acquired by a tenor who has the additional attributes of being elegant and handsome. Little wonder he brings the house down; less that we may not be able to afford him much longer.

The other four protagonists, Ileana Cotrubas, Geraint Evans, Ingvar Wixell and the (as yet) lesser-known Lillian Watson, are all distinguished singers of Mozart. For them, Donizetti is a relaxed night on the boards. While it would be absurd to suggest that they sang too well for his music, that they were looking for notes that the harried, busy, pox-ridden young maestro had neither time nor money to provide, it did cross my mind that there was a notable absence of vulgarity in the performance.

Nothing is more enraging to producers and singers than to suggest that they fault a composer and librettist. Nevertheless, let's try to look at how Donizetti might have considered this production. The singing he would have been awed by. But these sets of Beni Montresor's? They are the prettiest and most expertly organised of any offered by the Royal Opera for a long time. The producer, John Copley, is at his best. The question is whether their glamorous approach is the appropriate one for Donizetti's casual facility.

By chance I happened to hear on the radio a few days before seeing *L'Elisir* a recording of a work of the same composer's – *Viva la mama* – which I had seen at the Cuvilliés in the Residenz at Munich in 1970. It is the funniest opera I have ever seen or heard. Its comedy is relevant to any approach to Donizetti's other work. The plot is properly absurd since it deals with writing, casting and producing an opera. A composer and librettist squabble; the tenor is daft; the prima donna has a doting manager-husband: at which point a bass-baritone in drag appears with a daughter who cannot sing, wanting a role for the clown in a version of *Julius Caesar*, which is also a hoot. The composer, meanwhile, is writing for this gang rather persuasive pastiche of Mozart and Rossini. It is an early work of subtlety, startlingly well-observed. It is also very seedy.

To look at *L'Elisir* in the perspective of Donizetti's sour view of the antics of his own trade is to ask whether or not it might have been better as a grubby rather than a pretty production. Consider, for example, Sir Geraint's *tour de force* as the fraudulent Dulcamara. He arrives gorgeously in a dazzling coach, beguiling the gullible into buying his elixirs. He dominates the stage by voice and presence. What, though, if he were to be a crumbling con-man engaged in the same game as was W. C. Fields in a similar role, speaking of another 'greatest scientific discovery of modern times':

> . . . purple bark sarsaparilla. Without purple bark sarsaparilla this mundane sphere of ours would be barren, bleak and dank . . . it is good for man and beast. It removes hairs and also warts. The sun never sets on . . . am not selling more than five bottles of . . .

The music and libretto could bear the innovation – how enjoyable it would be if Sir Geraint could be persuaded to perform the *Mama* role. Then we might recognise Donizetti as more than a provider of lovely tunes for fine singers. A genius for melody and light entertainment may be enough, perhaps, but his ironic perceptions also need to be recognised. After all, to be able to make and then mock the making, even if it's a melancholic form of irony, is a rare gift. Whether Donizetti had this curious capacity because he was suffering from syphilis or by some accident of genius, is an open question. Syphilis must be the most ironic of diseases, and a wry, even fatal affliction for a man writing *L'Elisir d'amore*.

Sheila Wingfield

Admissions

Let us then freely admit
That any windfall fruit
May have a wasp in it;

That to hear the word 'fox'
Or see one, prevents an Aran
Fisher putting out;

That Seville's bearers of Passion
Figures, drunk, can shout:
'Your Virgin's a whore!'

That Jachin and Boaz, bronze
Pillars of endurance and might,
Fell with the Temple.

Ice-Skating

Oleg Kerensky

Young Blade

John Curry Theatre of Skating *Cambridge Theatre*

The ice surface extends out over the orchestra pit, but even so the skating area is not large enough for Olympic high-speed glides. There have also been technical problems with the ice, which has been forming ridges, making jumps dangerous and occasionally tripping one of the skaters. The music is amplified and sounds canned; three of the five items are performed to solo piano, too high a proportion. On the second night, lighting was still going wrong, with advertisement slides appearing on the backcloth during the admirable nimble-footed Liszt solo arranged for Curry by Kenneth MacMillan. The programme lasts less than two hours, including two long intervals, yet the prices of admission are high and incidental charges exorbitant – 50p for the inaccurate printed programme and 35p for an ice-cream. Despite all this, the show is hugely enjoyable.

The main pleasure comes, of course, from watching first-class skating, especially Curry himself. Right at the beginning, in Peter Darrell's *Scenes of Childhood* to Schumann's music, he shows how expres-

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sive movement on ice can be. He uses his whole body, including his arms and face, to create a mood; his pirouettes and slow backwards glides are as graceful as any ballet steps, his jumps and spins as exciting. Norman Maen's *Afternoon of a Faun*, also seen on television, is equally effective, proving that a ballet can be successfully translated on to skates. Cathy Foulkes, Curry's young and attractive American partner, has all the charm and skill one could wish. Maen's *Jazz Suite*, the finale, is the only item with the speed and excitement the audience expects; a bit like a Jerome Robbins ballet, it shows all seven skaters achieving quick changes of direction and dazzling exuberance even on this small space. Curry does an elegant and witty 'Astaire' number and Bill Woehrle, whose easy grace and attractive stage manner may owe something to his experience with the Boston Ballet, does a breathtaking high-speed solo.

The show needs another spectacular item as an opening number and a greater variety of mood, possibly including something frankly humorous. Many people think it also needs more changes of scenery and costume, though I found Nadine Baylis's permanent box-set of a pale blue sky, sometimes enhanced by wispy trees or a mirror cloud, perfectly adequate and quite attractive. The women's costumes are a little vulgar, but the men's – mostly rather like practice dress – are fine, and Curry's final white ensemble is dazzling. I think Curry has taken the show a little too far from the usual commercial ice extravaganza. His motives are admirable, but he could now afford rather more razzmatazz, without losing his 'artistic' image. Perhaps the Twyla Tharp number with which he had such a success in New York would provide what is needed. Certainly it will be fascinating to see other choreographers working in this medium. Even just as it is, however, I am looking forward to seeing the show again.

Planning

Leo Plendello

Terminal Disease

The Liverpool Street Station Inquiry, after labouring on for a full month before Christmas, is now reaching its closing stages in a back room behind the Guildhall. Public inquiries, like the meatier civil actions, are not much fun to report, and so the ranks of journalists are now very thin. Then also, Liverpool Street can easily look like a parochial affair compared with other lengthy predecessors. Even if the Greater London Development Plan was largely hot air, it was at least a broad-brush business, while the implications of Maplin were obvious. Not so the proposed redevelopment of two somewhat shoddy London termini.

In reality, Liverpool Street raises considerable, specific and complex issues, many of them hard to grasp. But one bald and general question stands out. Why are British Rail bringing their application for outline planning permission at all? The reasons they have tendered are that by closing down Broad Street and rebuilding Liverpool Street to house the combined trains of the two stations, they can improve their services and offer a more efficient place of passage to their customers – laudable aims with which no one has had the effrontery to disagree. Their true motives are no less banal, to enjoy the profits of redevelopment from building over a million square feet of offices on the Broad Street site.

The relationship between these purposes is one of the few points of open disagreement in what has turned out a disappointingly uncontentious inquiry. British Rail claim that they must provide this absurd superficial footage in order to finance the new station, and therefore that they must build the offices first. Manifestly nobody is fooled by this line. Developments just are not financed in direct subsidy of each other in this way. Indeed the City, one of a formidable list of five local authorities which are party to the inquiry and, it might be supposed, not one of those most averse to property speculation, has expressed doubts precisely on the proposed financial relationship between the offices and the station.

The connection makes much better sense in the light of British Rail's general redevelopment policy. Ever since it woke up to the realisation of its huge assets, British Rail's Property Division has been having a field day. The strategy is simple and ubiquitous: find a centrally located station, rebuild it and put as many offices on or near it as possible. It has happened since 1960 at, among other places, Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds; it failed at Oxford where, when British Rail were forced to rebuild the station without offices, they put up the shabbiest set of little boxes out of pique. In London there are examples at Cannon Street, Holborn Viaduct, Blackfriars and Euston (where, notably, the office scheme is building only now, some years after the station). For a time it looked as though St Pancras might be the comeuppance, but British Rail wisely backed away when they glimpsed the teeth of the amenity societies. So the crunch has come at Liverpool Street, a less clear-cut kind of place. It is not perhaps as well known as it should be that Victoria is next on the list – an encounter which promises to be as prolonged as the present one. Meanwhile, an exhibition which is to run at the Heinz Gallery of the RIBA in Portman Square between 19 January and 11 March will reveal how wide-ranging the threat to existing railway stations all over the country really is.

The greedy size of the development proposed for Broad Street suggests that British Rail's property mandarins are living in the blithe world of five years back, when lettable office space spelt certain profit. Nowadays, there is no guarantee that they will be able to finance the building or to let the offices once built. Because of this there are those who believe that this public inquiry is an elaborate and costly funeral and that a refusal of permission is not essential, though it would save British Rail much face. Complete refusal seems, however, less likely every day. For, remarkably, none of the local boroughs represented is really against the scale or nature of the development. In addition, London Transport and the GLC's Planning Department are in favour because of supposed gains which the scheme would offer for travel in the capital. This leaves only two main opponents, the Historic Buildings Division of the GLC another of several tentacles waved by that confusing and confused octopus at this inquiry, and the Liverpool Street Station Campaign (LISSCA).

The cases that these two bodies have had to make are vital. But both have relied to a perilous degree on the qualities of existing buildings at Liverpool Street and Broad Street, for which nobody has been able to work up any very convincing enthusiasm. The experts from County Hall, having dug away in dusty archives like Trojans, had plenty of information to offer but precious little advice. Broad Street, we heard, good solid mid-Victorian railway architecture, but as an unlisted building not much can be made of its future. (It might have been added that but for its uncertain future the station could well have been listed.) Liverpool Street has a really excellent western trainshed which the GLC wish to keep, manufactured by the famous Fairbairn Engineering Company and erected in 1871-7. Much of the inquiry has centred on the real or supposed structural defects of the trainshed. But on the merits of the rest of the building, even the listed station office, the experts were lukewarm. As for GLC opinion, the GLC has majestically 'not found it possible in the light of the facts so far presented to come to any conclusion as to the necessity for the demolition of these buildings'.

This leaves only LISSCA, which has rushed in where the Victorian Society has merely tiptoed. Inexpert, scarcely surprising, and probably as unrepresentative of all the little pressure groups (like the Bishop Stortford Ticket Holders' Association) that wish to be heard, only LISSCA has been willing to raise basic issues. Yet even those agree that radical changes are inevitable in Liverpool Street. Having started out purely on a crusade to save the existing buildings they have not had an easy time with the many technical questions. Because of the cost of expert witnesses, they have had to settle 'out of court' with British Rail on many of these points. They have also had to refuse the gratuitous services of a QC because they could not pay his juniors, and so have relied for cross-examination upon three amateurs who have made an unenviable job of it. It was easy for Fitzroy Robinson, the suaver of two suave architects to be enlisted on British Rail's behalf (the other was Sir Hugh Casson), to show that LISSCA's hastily concocted alternative schemes for offices were inadequate. Nevertheless LISSCA have made a good start. The two questions ducked by British Rail, the case of another use for Broad Street and the revitalised Liverpool Street, with the new course and the 'throat' of the station, are planned. With more facts and money it should not be hard to do better. The important thing is that the opportunity should also

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On balance, the likely conclusion is that British Rail will get their permission with two provisos, that the offices can only be built if the station is also built, and that the new station be constructed round the western trainshed. Whether the first condition can be binding on British Rail will depend not so much on their good faith as on their future finances; it would certainly be a dubious clause to write into any planning permission. As for the western trainshed, it would be a far less forlorn survival if its perfectly worthy eastern sister were also retained. Intelligent architects and engineers could undoubtedly produce a scheme on LISSCA's lines for remodelling the 'throat' and, if necessary, for rebuilding the station offices; these might well be allowed to go so long as the replacement married well with the Great Eastern Hotel, now officially reprieved. Broad Street is a trickier proposition, as it has no future as a station and LISSCA's idea of a community centre in it seems vague. Possibly public housing might be an answer, though the Borough of Hackney (in which Broad Street just falls) has in its anxiety to realise the rateable value from the projected offices shown scant interest in such an idea. It would certainly be salutary if British Rail as a nationally owned body could be bullied into thinking here and elsewhere of the community's gain. It is worth a thought that the eastern part of Liverpool Street was added only because the Great Eastern did so well out of workmen's trains forced upon them by the government. Serving the people might just turn out as profitable for BR as doing them the disservice that is currently intended.

Weekend Competition

No 2445 **Set by John Stanley**

Competitors are asked to reduce any well-known piece of verse or prose (or, for that matter, any novel or play) into telegrammese. Limit 30 letter-groups or one-tenth of the words in the original – whichever is less. By 21 January, if you would.

No 2442 **Set by Russell Lucas**

Competitors were asked for a sonnet on any aspect of 1977; they were asked, in addition, to use only five (any five) consonants.

Report **by Little Keith**

It was, as they say, no accident that the subject of most of the sonnets was the monstrous difficulty of putting them together in the first place. The blithe competitor begins his octet, rather startled by his own facility; by the sestet, though, the lines have become a contorted anagrammatical hell, more like concrete poetry than the stately verses one usually finds in this column. The experts, of course, worried it through to the end: some of them even *rhymed*. Over the sinister affinities between John Fuller's and Jonathan Keates's entries, by the way, I hereby draw a veil (perhaps they enjoyed a working Comp Christmas together). Very, very honourable mentions to Gudrun Firmani, Peter Peterson, Yelsap, Edward Larrissy, D. L. L. Clarke and E. O. Parrott. £7 each to the winners.

O Fist of Statute, get shot of the tough!
The hotfoot thief, the toff of shoot-it-out.
This age is taut to seethe, to fuse, to shout.
The theses of sage thought? Eff off! It's guff!
Set stage! O hate-fiestas of the hoof,
The auto-gat, the hash-stash; hoist the tout!
Hogtie us geese, aghast at guts that gout;
Siesta-aesthetes of the Shush! Hot stuff
Those theta-theist shahs; those tithe-fat ghosts
Get foes to eat tight gags, oft use soft hugs
To gauge the teeth of us that ought to fight,
To soothe, to test the stuff of us the hosts;
Fatigue us, in a state of siege to thugs.
So, to the sofa-seat, Sit Tight! Sit Tight!
GERRY HAMILL

On the Bicentenary of Beethoven's Seventh Birthday

One note has set the tone. This vision saves
The onanist-assassin, titivates
A vanity to hasten into staves
The saint's nativity. He vents his hates
To heave an avenue, nave, stithy, hut
Into the heavens – hosts to vaunt a seat
On avian sites, noun in a haven shut,
A sonnet's nest invites. He stints to eat,
Sent to Vienna, hones his innovation
In ten sonatas, annotates a vein
To vitiate the eye. No attestation
Touts oaths, no instant entity to stain
The hint at his intention. No noise, even
A hiss – this tenet stuns us – 'He is seven!'
JONATHAN KEATES

For the Bicentenary of William Wordsworth's Seventh Birthday

1977, thou hast thy station:
Shine, as thou hast to, on these avenues,
Astonish us, stint not thy visitation!
Thy vast event haunts us, its sentient hues
The hues that *he* set us to see, in stone,
In thin huts on the heath, in the vast suns,
In vistas tense as nest-thieves. His sane tone
Is a tone that hints at heaven, a tone that stuns,
Sent to save us, as a savant's inventions
Save, as a saint saves in his vision. He
Is thy son, '77! Envy's intentions
Are vain and hesitant as visits to aunts. See,
In an instant he hastens! He tunes his notes
to Heaven!
Thus vanishes vanity. 'He is seven.'
JOHN FULLER

Must one assume the State is *not* insane?
She has no sense, no nous it seems to me;
She's asinine, She's sham, She's so inane,
Most men She shuns, then stuns the ones
that see;
She hunts and smashes them; and this
the theme –
'The State is not for Man, but Man for State':
A man who *is* a man is in the team,
A man that's not for State's a man to hate!
He's too intense – has aims – he's honest, mean,
This man is not at home – he smashes stone!
No name he has, no mention, he's not seen,
The man that moans is he that must atone.
So shut that mouth – the State, She has
no shame,
The man that taunts, She has the means
to tame.
TIM HOPKINS

I see a sad and lone and undone land,
Aims muddied and men's minds made
all inane;
Mean as a slum, loan-laden, all unmanned,
All dole and doom – a dull, misled domain.

All senses dimmed, men saddened and deluded,
And lads and lasses old and dead inside –
A land demeaned, made senile, and denuded:
A dismal, sunless den, all needs denied.

Sad similes; no smiles – and no damned muse!
Some lame lines loom in mind, and none
I mend;
No use, no nous, I moan, and
madness ensues –
I'm no Donne; so I'm done, and so I'll end:

Damn O, I, L, and E – a muddled mess;
Damn M, A, D – and sod U, damned NS.
TOM DONNELLY

O blest Erato, our best seer, assist
Our bets as astral artists, to relate
Our bitter lot, or, better, tabulate
Illustrious stories, realise a list.

About our 'stars' let's boasters be or tell
Baubles to start: Australia loses Test –
All out last ball? Or Russia rustles Best?
A Bristol bruiser tolls out Ali's bell?

Let's State tales tell: as Attlee's statue's built
I see our Labour rebels lose our oil
As, obsolete, our tribal Tories toil
To label Trots, or bootless strut or tilt.

Press latest: Labour losses, Tories' too!
So Steele is boss – let seatless losers boo!
LAURENCE FOWLER

These *anni insani* anaesthetise. The dead
ones haunt us hoodooed dudes, a shy hand out:
sodden annuitants, undaunted and unshed.
And this, this new tot, shot in on a shout,
is not so nude; one sees a dusty snout,
dishonest eyes, a stained hat on his head,
and a sad need to diet: he's too stout –
distended and diseased, indeed, instead.
So this is it, this ostentatious Now,
this neon shun-sooth, this diathesis,
this heed-not hedon, this instant dodo, this
tedious shadow, this heathenish anyhow . . .
Shout in, shout in, shout in the hideous son
that suits the hideous season dead and done.
PETER SCHROEDER

Tony Miles

Chess

No 15 **At Hastings**

The annual pagan festival is by now well underway, still masquerading as the Hastings International Chess Congress. I seem to have inadvertently allowed myself to become involved in this ancient ritual, though whether on the side of the Christians or the lions remains to be seen – early impressions (this is written after round 3) appear to indicate a Christian with slight cannibalistic tendencies.

This year the main contenders for first place (under normal circumstances I would say second, but starting with 2 losses affects one's self-confidence a little) will probably be the two Russians, Vassily Smyslov and Oleg Romanishin, and the Hungarian Andras Adorjan, though I still have hopes of a revival. However, I suspect that the winning score will

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be relatively higher than usual – Romanishin in particular normally scores very heavily against the middle and lower parts of the tournament table – which would not make my task any easier.

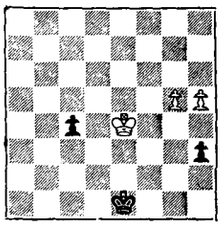
This week's game (subtitled 'How not to start a tournament'):

White: A. J. Miles. Black: A. Adorjan

1. P-QB4, P-KN3; 2. P-K4, P-K4. An unusual move, with the intention of avoiding transposition into a normal King's Indian. **3. P-Q4, N-KB3.** At this stage I vaguely remembered a game Polugaevsky-Adorjan which continued 4. P x P, N x P; 5. Q-Q5, B-N5 ch with complications not unfavourable for black. I decided to look for something different. **4. N-KB3, B-N5 ch.** This seemed wrong to me. The exchange of Bs leaves black's K-side very weak. **5. B-Q2, B x B ch; 6. Q x B.** Apparently an innovation. Afterwards Adorjan told me of a game (Polugaevsky-Tal) which went 6. QN x B, P-Q3; 7. P x P; P x P; 8. N x P, Q-K2; 9. P-B4, QN-Q2 with good play for black. Knowing nothing of this I rejected 6. QN x B as too artificial and recaptured with the Q instantly. **6. . . . P x P.** After 45 minutes thought. **7. P-K5, N-K5.** I prefer 7. . . . Q-K2. **8. Q x P, N-N4.** Normally, in the first round of such a tournament I would not be too bothered about conceding a draw – it always seems easier to play well when one has already scored a few points – but with a position this good after only 8 moves I felt obliged to try to win. I now spent half an hour unsuccessfully trying to find a clear way of increasing my advantage before playing my original idea – a sure sign of being off-form. **9. N x N, Q x N; 10. P-B4, N-B3; 11. Q-Q2.** Perhaps 11. Q-B2 is better, so as to meet 11. . . . Q-Q1; 12. N-B3, O-O; 13. O-O-O, P-Q3 with 14. P-QB5. **11. . . . Q-Q1; 12. N-B3, O-O; 13. O-O-O, P-Q3.** The only way to untangle. **14. P x P, P x P; 15. Q x P, Q-R4.** After 15. N-Q5 white would certainly stand better, but I didn't believe black had enough for the pawn. But what to do now? 16. K-N1, N-N5 is uncomfortable, as is 16. B-K2, B-K3. It seemed sensible to retreat the Q and vacate Q5 for the N. So. . . . **16. Q-Q5, Q-N3; 17. Q-Q2, B-K3; 18. N-Q5.** What else? 18. K-N1, N-N5 is still unpleasant. If 18. B-K2, QR-B1 followed by KR-Q1. **18. . . . B x N; 19. P x B, N-N5; 20. K-N1, QR-B1.** Suddenly white is in great trouble. 21. P-QR3 is met by . . . N-B7! and . . . R-B7 is threatened. **21. Q-Q4, R-B4!; 22. B-K2?** The last chance was 22. B-B4, KR-B1; 23. P-N3 (not 23. B-N3, R-B8 ch! or 23. P-Q6, N-B7!; 24. Q-Q3, R x B; 25. P-Q7, R-Q1; 26. Q x R, N-R6 ch) and now if 23. . . . Q-R4; 24. P-Q4, P-QN4; 25. P-Q6!, P x B; 26. P-Q7, R-Q1 (or 26. . . . P x P; 27. P-Q8 = Q ch!); 27. KR-K1! and white's winning! But the simple 23. . . . N x QP leaves black clearly better (24. B x N? R-B8 ch). **22. . . . KR-B1; 23. Q-K5.** The threat was . . . R-B8 ch and if 23. R-Q2, N x QP; 24. B-B3, N-B6 ch; 25. K-R1, N-K7! mates nicely. **23. . . . N x RP!** Oops! Now 24. K x N, R-R4 ch; 25. K-N1, Q-N6 forces mate. The remaining moves can be attributed to my reluctance to resign this early. **24. R-Q3, N-B6 ch; 25. R x N, R x R; 26. P-Q6, R-K6; 27. P-Q7, R-Q1; 28. Q-QN5, Q x Q; 29. B x Q, P-QR3; 30. R-QB1, K-B1; Resigns.**

Problem 15:

White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 19 January.



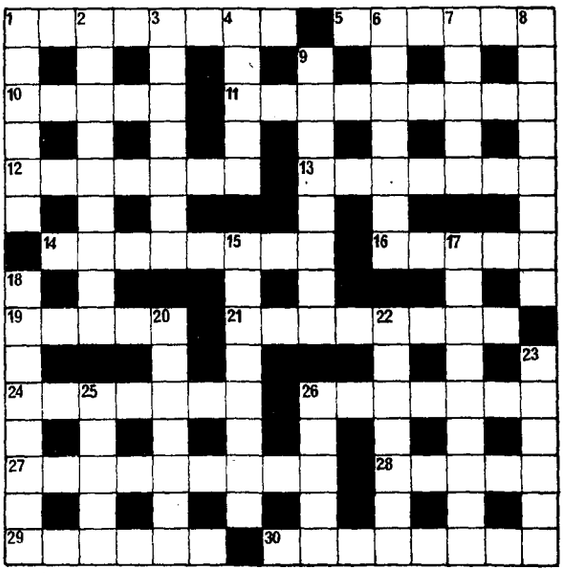
Solution to Problem 12: 1. N-N5!, K-N2; (or 1. . . . R-N2; 2. Q-B8 ch, R-N1; 3. P-B8 = Q!, Q x Q; 4. Q-R6 mate) 2. Q x RP, R-KR1; 3. P-B8 = Q! and if 3. . . . R x Q (B1); 4. Q-R7 ch or Q x Q; 4. Q-B7 ch wins.

Winners of the November series: K. Brooks and N. M. Kyprianou (£15 each) both Londoners, I. Kastanas of California and J. Gill of Warlingham, Surrey (£4 each) and T. W. B Brown of Edinburgh (£2).

Reminder: I will open entries to the two problems in the Christmas issue of the NS next Tuesday. Still time to win the special prize if you are quick.

Weekend Crossword 1197

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1197, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 18 Jan.



ACROSS

1. Welcome false pretences in a politician (8).
5. One who declares currency? (6).
10. What is found in a search in antique shops (5).
11. Plan for university representative to make an impression (9).
12. It is above one's entitlement but not in time (7).
13. Disgraceful thing for which backward boys carry the can (7).
14. Take liberties by concocting a mere fake (4, 4).
16. Starts on fresh course a second after food is served (5).
19. Appointment in Coventry Street (5).
21. Food and fuel for Thomas's place (4, 4).
24. Softly embraced by girl and boy when suited (7).
26. Poet spotter (7).
27. Protest against a pet creed being distorted (9).
28. The landlord with a melody in his heart (5).
29. Foreign and is possessed without evil backing (6).
30. Courses for beginners (8).

DOWN

1. Bully ancient hero (6).
2. Route for one with a small following including few climbers (9).
3. Point in seat to cover tightly with cloth (7).
4. 'Hard is to teach an old horse —— true' (Spenser) (5).
6. This is on the vessel, but Jim is in the drink (7).
7. Principals are not included in this party (5).
8. It is tough, being without a woman (8).
9. Crazy and most unpleasant place often attacked by the crackers (8).
15. In such a disorder lie and dream, for it is beneficial to the health (8).
17. The handy way? (9).
18. Twisted and left helpless (8).
20. Summers or almost falls (7).
22. Archaeologist who firs discovered what the potte uses (7).
23. Second-class journeys fo married women (6).
25. Tree as writer (5).
26. A shallow waterway for lot of big ships (5).

SETSQUAR

Solution to No 1195

Prizewinners to No 1195

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Courses continued from p. 36

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 93 No 2390

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Theatres

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert St, W1. 01-485 6224. Open, 10 Jan, 'Patty Hearst' by William Tanner. 1.15 p.m. Mon.-Sat.

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Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower Street, WC1E 6BT) Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1977. Mons. & Thurs. 17, 24, 27, 31 Jan. at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor Arnaldo Momigliano, 'Between Synagogue and Apocalypse: Aspects of Hellenistic Judaism'. Fri. 28 Jan. at 5.30, Commonwealth Fund Lecture by Professor A. S. Link, 'The Cobb Interview: Woodrow Wilson and the Agony of War'.

STOP THE DEPORTATIONS! The Agee/Hosenball Defence Committee is holding a march and demonstration, Sunday 9 January. Assemble 1 p.m. Embankment tube station, London, march past Home Office to US Embassy, Grosvenor Square and Speakers Corner for rally. This is two days before Philip Agee appears before the 'independent' panel to defend himself against unspecified charges, and ten days before Hosenball appears. The Committee is bringing out a *series of briefings on the CIA*: 1. 'extracts from US Congressional committees on CIA activities', 20p; 2. 'Jamaica De-stabilised' 25p; 3. 'CIA Covert Operations' by Philip Agee 25p; 4. 'The CIA in Britain' 25p. Further titles in preparation. Available AHDC, *186 Kings Cross Road, London* WC1X 9DE, phone 01-278 4575.

HOWARD LEAGUE MEETING: 'Why Reform Matters for Prisoners'. Lord Spens, his own experience of imprisonment. Thurs. 13 Jan., 7 p.m. *Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd*, NW1. Adm. 25p (free to League members).

'Bertolt Brecht in Britain'

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Thursday 13 January — Saturday 12 February 1977
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CIVIL LIBERTIES AND A BILL OF RIGHTS

One-day Conference, Saturday 5 February.

NCCL, together with the Cobden Trust, is mounting the first-ever open national conference on proposals for a Bill of Rights for the UK. It will draw into the debate civil liberties pressure groups, voluntary organisations and trades unions as well as lawyers and politicians. There will be workshop sessions to analyse the effects of a Bill in eight specialised fields.

Speakers include **Professor James Fawcett, Emlyn Hooson QC MP, Cedric Thornberry, Alan Sapper.**

Fee £5, includes free copy of **'Civil Liberties and a Bill of Rights'**, by Peter Wallington, to be published by the Cobden Trust, background papers, lunch and refreshments.

Details and booking forms from: **Tim Gopsill, Cobden Trust, 186 Kings Cross Road, London WC1X 9DE, phone 01-278 4575.**

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Chairman: Dr Brian Muir.

Lectures at the Edward Lewis Theatre, Windeyer Building, Cleveland Street, W1, 6.30 p.m., February 7, 14, 21, March 7, 14.

Series of 5 Lectures £4.50, single Lectures £1.00 each (students half-price).

Tickets from: Dr Marcus Johns, Organising Secretary, Winter Lectures, Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 63 New Cavendish Street, W.1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis by Professor W. H. Gillespie. Admission Free, Without Ticket. 5.30 p.m. 18 Jan. 'Freud and Science', 25 Jan. 'Freud and Culture'. 1 Feb. 'Symbolism and Language'. 8 Feb. 'Freud and Sexuality'. 15 Feb. 'Psychic Structure and Structuralism'. 22 Feb. 'Some Controversial Issues, including the Death Instinct'.

'TOWARDS GLOBAL UNDERSTANDING – Education about the Commonwealth'. Speakers Professor Lionel Elvin and Dr Peter Lyon. 6.30, p.m. Thursday 13 January at the Focus Group Meeting, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Tube, Embankment or Trafalgar Sq. Adm. 20p.

ABOLISH THE GLC & ILEA – Restore power to the London Boroughs. A non-party campaign for May 1977. Public Meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30 p.m. Mon. 24 January.

PUBLIC MEETING: 'For Workers Democracy Against Frame-ups & Slanders'. Hear Ernest Mandel, George Novack, Pierre Lambert, Michel Pablo, Tim Wohlforth *Chairperson: Tariq Ali. Friday 14 January.* Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, London NW1. (Opposite Euston Station) 7 p.m (doors open 6.30 p.m.) admission 50p

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY Mike Laye, Theatre Director of the ICA on 'The Politics of the Theatre'. 12 Jan. 7.30 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection. All welcome.

MANCHESTER AGEE-HOSENBALL Defence Committee. Meeting with Red Ladder Theatre Group in their new show 'Anybody Sweating?'. Speakers: Philip Agee; Mike Bower (NUJ); Frank Allaun MP. Sat. 8 Jan 7 p.m. Manchester Polytechnic Students Union, Cavendish St, All Saints, Manchester Admission 60p.

SUNDAY 9 JANUARY, 8 p.m. Young Mapam invites you to hear Bernard Kilroy talk about: 'Housing Finance – the Melting Pot', at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. (Finchley Rd, tube).

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square London SW1. Sat. 8 Jan. 3 p.m. 'Open Day' Tues. 11 Jan. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 12 Jan. 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' – Two separate Study Classes. All welc. Send s.a.e. for full prog

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic *Theosophy*. Sun. 9 Jan. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, prog. of talks. ULT 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

THE IMMINENT REAPPEARANCE OF THE CHRIST – THE WORLD TEACHER – AND THE MASTERS OF THE WISDOM

from the esoteric Teachings of the Master D.K. to Alice A. Bailey for the New Age of the One Humanity.

Talks by Benjamin Creme

FRIENDS' HOUSE, Euston Rd, NW1. Fri. 14 Jan, 18 Tues. and 27 Thurs. all at 7p.m. Also at Dr JOHNSON HOUSE, Bull St. Birmingham. Sat. 22 Jan. at 6.30p.m.

Free. Donations Welcome

Courses

BUDDHISM

Short Courses start *January*. Free introductory meeting Sunday 9 *January* at 4 p.m.

The Meeting House, 120 Heath St, NW3 or for details contact:

BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSOC. 8 Hatton Garden, EC1N 8AD 01-242 5538 (office hours)

المجلس الإسلامي الأوربي

QURAN SYMPOSIUM

The Islamic Council of Europe I organising a seminar on the Quran o a regular basis. Participation will b open to all under-graduates and regi stered students. The first ten-sessio seminar beginning on January 20th 1977, will be held fortnightly and wi be compered by Mr Altaf Guaha author of 'Translations from th Quran'. The Council has also inst tuted an educational grant of £25 for the best participant.
Eligible persons should apply to Th **Secretary General, Islamic Council Europe, 24 Grosvenor Garden London SW1. Tel: 01-730 9913.**

COURSES Cont. on p. 35

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